

THE DARK BLUE.

SEPTEMBER 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ENTHUSIASTS AGAIN.



HALLE — the old town, with her many-gabled houses, crooked streets, and glorious churches, among which the beautiful Gothic structure of St. Mary is pre-eminent, with her public institutions and public schools, with her salt works, her Frankonian foundation, and finally her University buildings — the new town, attaching herself by the handsome railway station and pretty modernised houses to her ancient sister — both old and new Halle were revelling in May glory. The merry month of May was indeed a merry month in Halle. Vacation time was coming: the students, wearing their collars a little looser still, swaggered more than ever, the professors began

to relax in discipline, the young maidens accorded sweet interviews of leave-taking and a general *laissez-aller* principle pervaded the place. May shone on Halle as it had shone a thousand years ago, the famous German willow-trees bordered the pretty brooks near the river Saale, cosy beds of forget-me-nots and wild violets hid their modest beauty

under the shade of the willows, and in the high May grass lay the alumni of Halle University peeling the elastic willow twigs, and lazily plucking forget-me-nots and violets. It was so much better, forsooth, to lie there learning something soft and inspiriting from mother Nature, than be for ever bothering over the learning of the ancients, the theology of the Middle Ages, and the philosophy of the moderners.

Had Tacitus in his 'Germania' not praised the willow-trees eighteen hundred years ago, and extolled the yellow tresses of German maidens? Was it not the best classical study to do the same and lie there toying with both *à la dérobée* in the green May grass?

The day near the end of May was declining. Out fluttered the students—fluttered here and there as fancy or inclination would take them, some gathering round that old house near the market-hall. There in the long room with the shadowy haunts and odd corners, low ceiling and whispered reminiscences of bouts and meetings, songs and speeches *ad infinitum*, were collected about a dozen students; through the small window-panes the evening sun threw a Claude Lorraine light over the assembly, encircling many a youthful head with its rich yellow sheen. That sprightly boisterous spirit that had enlivened the meeting when Zollwitz left was not among the students: they lounged and talked, but neither song nor toast was heard; the chair at the head of the table was empty—no one had been allowed to occupy it since their chief's departure.

One rose: 'Has no one heard from Zollwitz yet? Does anyone know if Professor Holmann has returned from Torgau?'

All shook their heads; no one had heard from Zollwitz, and Professor Holmann had not been seen in Halle since Christmas, having lain dangerously ill at Major Zollwitz's.

'It is wrong of Zollwitz to leave us without a leader. Great questions are arising, times are thick with meaning, life is stirring in the north and in the south. Brethren, ye know it, the sword is to bring us liberty and unity; diplomatical despotism is to raise us in the scale of nations. Believe it not, brethren; it is rotten, this unity, and will fall away like brittle sand: it is hollow, this freedom, and sounds like brass. Brethren, unity and freedom are mightier words: freedom comes from within, it is born in man's soul, it is his most sacred heritage, it is given with his existence, it is neither to be bought nor shuttled for, it is the gift of the gods to enshrine man in divine light. Oh, brethren, debase it not—shun it, this false freedom, and from your innermost souls hail that true harbinger of liberty and peace on earth and sing with me, "O Freiheit, hoher Götterfunke."'

Out burst the youthful chorus, through the room rang the swelling sounds of those mighty strains; up sprang the singers, hands raised aloft, eyes glowing, heads erect, and the enthusiasm of undefined ideas shone in every face!

O Freedom, the spark of the gods!



A hasty, light, but firm step outside, the door is pushed open, and Zollwitz stands before them.

'Zollwitz! Zollwitz!—our head, our chief, our soul, where do you come from? How have you got here? Man, is it you?'

And round that young manly figure they gathered, glad to touch something of him, happy to grasp but his hand, and led to hero-worship by that supreme consciousness of their fellow-student's superiority over them all, of this young man's high inner human power—he, born to be a leader of men!

'Our last meeting, Zollwitz, before the vacation. Here take your place, no one has had the chair. How tall you have grown, and how foreign you look! Where hast been, fellow-worker, fellow-enthusiast, our leader, believing still in the light of our debased modern humanity?'

Zollwitz took the chair.

'From England I come. This moment I have arrived, and travel-stained came here at once to meet you.'

'And what hast brought us from England?—some new grand ideas of liberty and freedom? Wilt help us out of this chaos into which we have fallen? What says the land of Simon de Montfort, of Hampden, of Cromwell, of Fox, of Bright? Dost not speak? Hast brought us nothing? Hast succumbed to the guinea? Hast thy purse full of them? Oh, Zollwitz, Zollwitz! deceive us not—we *cannot* afford to lose such a spirit as thine!'

Zollwitz stood there—as he had stood by Ethel—in the glow of the eventide, his noble countenance full of his soul's light,—no doubt, no hesitation, but the conviction of truth depicted in every lineament.

'What I bring, brethren? What I have learned in England? Shall I tell you? Listen.' Zollwitz raised his voice, and distinctly, like the sounds of Schiller's new-cast bell, came the words:

'I have learnt obedience to law and faith in reason—and here I come to lay down this experience of mine—for to my own old University I return as in duty bound, to do that which shall stamp me as fit to lead others, by submitting to be led myself for the time which is considered necessary to finish my studies.'

'And is that all?'

'That is all or the principal portion of what I have learned. Believe me, brethren, there is no receipt for freedom. As a thoughtful English author says: "Let no man who belongs to a community presume to say he is independent; there is no such condition in society." In himself must man become free, then will the fetters of life sit lightly on him; from within must he strive, silently and determinedly—not wishing to break the chain of divers human interests with a crash, but constantly rendering them less galling by the onward movement of just social development. I know this is not so enticing as those imaginary ideas, that freedom—often but the wilful action of man—shall rise up

and soar above our heads in resplendent glory, as I heard you sing that chorus, but it is more lasting. What is now forecast here in our Germany will have to be called by another word, that is "self-assertion." Germany needs it; it has been working towards it since that glorious uprising at the beginning of our century; but call it not yet freedom and unity—those will have to follow. For self-assertion we want external means, we want the sword, we want the bold diplomatist—then, brethren, will come *our* work—by that time let us be prepared to play *our* part.'

'But, Zollwitz, where are all your former dreams—"Down with tyrants in every shape"?''

'Where are they? Buried in the actual experience of life. What do you think I was doing all this time in England? Teaching a wilful boy in order to earn my daily bread.'

'You?'

'Yes, I. I had self-respect enough when I left to take but a moderate sum with me and ask no more from my uncle; and I was right: the looking life boldly in the face has taught me that enthusiasm must become practical and rational to be of use to mankind.'

'And what will you do now?'

'Finish my course of studies.'

'And then?'

'Ah, then—strive for something else as my reward. But come, let us drown differences in a bumper. Here, fetch wine—quick—and let us have a chorus: "Frisch, Brüder, trinket!"¹ To-morrow we will have a business sitting; then I will explain my views on our anxious times, and we will settle our programme.'

The bumpers were pledged: Zollwitz, tapping them all, held his aloft; the May evening sun shed a mellow streak right over his rich chestnut hair, and, turning his bright glance upward, he called out:

'To liberty, reason, and love!'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ZENITH AND NADIR OF GEORGE HARROWBY.

THE Right Honourable Mr. Damer sent in his resignation. The Premier, knowing the colleague he had to deal with, accepted it. The papers of both parties said little; they all respected the *man*, however much they might dissent from the *politician*. Conservatives and liberals thought what would the ex-minister not say, now he was free from official trammels, when he had never much trained his tongue to obedience to them? Conservatives and liberals were wrong. Mr. Damer meant to subside for a while intellectually, if not bodily, and bide his time;

¹ Quick, brothers, drink!

and that time would come when his vast strong mind would tower up and become a powerful binding medium between the grouse-shooting British peer and the sturdy English workman; when he would help to force the one party to see the *necessities* of their position, and hold their hands out over the heads of that higher middle class—over that House of Commons that has built up the constitution of England, to the other party below—the noble, self-reliant British workman, and help him to assert his independence of action in the choice of the country's representatives.

Have you ever smoked an early cigar? have you ever thought an early uneasy thought over some undertaking requiring all your energy? and ever sat at your window about four o'clock in the morning, watching the early social bird in London? There comes tottering home the old sinner—ashamed of his shabby clothes, ashamed of his neglected beard, ashamed of his own drowsy self. There comes home the young sinner, stumbling onward in doubtful consciousness whether it is all right or not, whether mamma will have sat up for him all that time, whether it isn't stupid to be so foolishly tight, and whether, hang it all, life isn't altogether a mistake? There comes along the bright-faced railway porter, to be at his post at five o'clock, almost as handsome a countenance as that of the young peer who has just taken his seat among his equals in the Upper House. There comes the lagging policeman, counting on the near approach of being relieved, and there comes, click, click, click, the firm step of the workman, hurrying along to catch the early workman's train, that step which must come ever six days, and six days again at the same hour—or mother and father, brother and sister, wife and child, will have nothing to 'make the pot boil;' click, click, click, I hear it; there it comes, and with it the man, who must not waver in *constant* work, enjoying *little* recreation. Up beyond on the Scotch moors, where the prettiest bird of the north, the blue, black, white-marked grouse, with his plainer brown wifey, sits in the gorse; up there my fancy also hears a click, click, click; the sportsman, in shooting-jacket and hat, lounges there, sniffing the invigorating breeze that passes over the moor heather, and enjoying the expanse of the widespread horizon above. *Periodical* work—*repeated* recreation. When will the last click understand the first? Some day, when man will know what work and recreation mean, and find in every station of life an equalised time for both.

Professor Holmann and Mary Zollwitz paid an early visit in Eaton Square on the day following that of Holmann's first call. The Professor was afraid of allowing the Damers and the Major to meet, as they had not yet discovered how to acquaint the Major of his nephew's stay at Damer's house, and his abrupt departure from it. By coming themselves, thought Holmann, they would avoid the Damers calling upon them.

Both were received more than kindly; they were received like

people to whom a particular interest attaches, who have taken up a peculiar share of the life-experience of others. Mary was mostly attracted by Mrs. Damer, and Professor Holmann was altogether charmed by her. Then Ethel came, and the two young girls, types of various womanhood, understood each other at once. Through Ethel's veins rushed some feeling of relationship to that sweet sister, some longing, loving emotion: 'Don't you know, don't you know?' she would have liked to have whispered in her ear. Mary, utterly heart-whole herself, clung to everybody and everything referring to her brother, and seemed inclined to worship the whole house for the sake of *his* footsteps that had fallen in it.

'Will you come and see your brother's room?' said Ethel to Mary.

'Most willingly,' answered the other.

On the way Ethel was tempted to take Mary into the conservatory. She managed just to stand before that yellow rose before which she had stood a few evenings ago, and next to her now stood Mary—*his* sister. It was so 'doux,' that remembrance, that Ethel forgot who *did* stand there, and began to dream. . . . Harry had followed them.

'There now, she's at it again, Mademoiselle Mary. Look at her; does she not look as if she were a statue? I do not know what has come to her. Ethel, wake up!'

Ethel did wake up, red as scarlet, begged pardon for something, and led Mary further on. They entered Zollwitz's room—dreary now; all gone that had belonged to his individuality; nothing left but the ordinary housings of any other person.

'Ah, Mademoiselle Mary, if you did but know how we loved your brother! It is wrong for him to have left us so. He made a respectable boy of me; he made me understand that I had a beastly bad temper, and must always be working to subdue it, and conform a little to other people. He helped me by teaching me the way to do it; and he is gone. About Ethel I don't know. I believe they had a secret between them, for they were always looking at each other, and never spoke. Ha, ha, ha! it was a dumb friendship, that; but I didn't like it, all the same. Do, Mademoiselle Mary, stop with us; you are so much like him, only you look sweeter and prettier. Do stop, and be my tutor. I know I'm not like other boys—English boys—they get independent, and like to row and swim, and play cricket, and that sort of thing. I don't. Now my brother Edward is always away from home, with some tutor or other; or when he is at home, being trained to politics. He doesn't mind it. I like to be at home, and with people I love and who love me. I do verily believe God has given me a girl's soul and a boy's spirit; it's a bother, for I don't know what to do with them. Do, now, stop, and I'll give up that cross girl there with her dreaming, and I'll keep to you, dear Mademoiselle Mary.'

Ethel laughed outright, and Mary smiled at this confession. A knock came to the door. Young William stood there.

'Please, Miss, Mrs. Damer hopes you will soon come down.'

'Oh, look here, William, that's *his* sister, Mademoiselle Mary; and that's William, Zollwitz's favourite servant.'

Mary went up to William, and said she was pleased to see him.

'Well, Miss, he was the nicest young master anyone could have, and Mr. Damer said I was to wait on him specially. And you don't know, Miss, how my old father and mother will miss him when we go back into Suffolk. There he used to sit with father and the old schoolmaster, who is a bit of a philosopher, and tell them all about the grand wars of his great King Frederick, and about the other, I believe that one's father, who took in the Protestants and gave them food and land, and about the fights with Napoleon. Oh, it was beautiful. And really he told them about Suffolk more than they knowed; and often and often he would make the tears come into their eyes. Oh, Miss, I wish he had taken me; but he said that would be dishonourable to Mr. Damer, and so I had to stay. When I find out where he is, I'll go to him into foreign parts, wherever it may be, for he treated me somehow almost as if he thought I was as good as he, only there was the different things we had to do in the world. God bless him.'

Mary was overcome. Harry, who had rushed down and up again, called out:

'Ugh! down there, papa and Professor Holmann are talking such horrible stuff; it makes me shiver, and my blood run cold. They are settling the affairs of the nation: it's awful.'

When they took leave, Mrs. Damer asked Mary to stop for the day. Ethel begged hard, and Harry clung to her; but Professor Holmann ruled that it was impossible. It would arouse the Major's suspicions. He should, however, be duly prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Damer's visit the next day, and then Mary might return with them.

The next morning Mr. Damer's carriage stood before the hotel in Dover Street. Harry and Ethel *would* come. The former would not be denied, and Ethel wanted in her heart of hearts to look upon that man's countenance who had partly taken the place of father to Zollwitz. The Major had been informed by Holmann of all concerning his nephew, and the Professor had pointed out the fact that Hermann might now be trusted; that where so much independence of thought and energy of action existed, there would also come reflection, when experience had added her quota to this young man's acquirements.

The Major and Mr. Damer could only bow, shake hands, and look at each other. Neither had learnt the spoken signs of various national intercourse, being each restricted to their own tongue. But the Major's true blue Prussian eyes said 'I thank you' so plainly, that in return Mr. Damer shook hands again. Mrs. Damer then took possession of the old soldier, and so thoroughly charmed him, in German, with the recital of his nephew's stay in her house, that he most gallantly ventured to kiss her hand. Poor Ethel dared not say much; her

blushes went and came, and looking with Mary over an album of portraits seemed to engross her attention. How she would have liked to have gone up to that dignified old man, and told him, 'Don't you know, don't you know?' Suddenly all were startled by Harry's voice.

'Ethel, Ethel, there he is! there he stands! I know him—that's Christian, blessed old Christian, of whom Zollwitz told us so much. Look at him. Why he looks taller than the tallest Life-Guardsman, and he is straighter than a poker! Oh, and he has *such* a gray moustache, and *such* eyes!' Up went Harry to Christian, who stood on guard at the door in his old position, surveying the company, as if his heart would burst with emotion.

'Wie geht's Ihnen, Herr Christian? Kann Deutsch sprechen. Herr Zollwitz mich gelehrt.'¹

But Christian's feelings were full to the brim. He could not answer directly. Bending down, he half raised up Harry.

'Danke, danke; bitte zu rapportiren, 's geht gut. Engländer brave Leut'.²

All eyes rested on Christian; he returned the look, saluted and left the room. Outside they heard his deep bass voice singing:

Befiehl du deine Wege, etc.³

Mary was carried off for the day. Her evening dress, packed in a box, was brought too, for there would be a soirée at the Damers'.

'Mustn't show the white feather, now,' said Mr. Damer. 'Folks know I've left the Cabinet; shan't think I left it in disgrace, but by my own free will.'

Mary was taken here and there; then had a drive; till Mrs. Damer insisted on some rest. Her judicious management could calculate how much the human frame could bear, and that nothing weakened it more than overcrowding impressions.

Lights dazzled in the rooms with fairy brightness. Friends were arriving, for friends only had been invited. Mrs. Damer, dressed in soft maize gauze, received her company. The two girls entered the drawing-room, Ethel and Mary—life and spirit—two delicious girls; both in white, natural flowers in their hair, and not a single ornament about them. They floated into the room, and Mr. Damer led them proudly up to aunt Sarah, who, in old-fashioned cap and gown, occupied the place of honour.

'Now, my dears, to look at you both does one good. You do look like young girls fresh from the garden of life. Come, you'll both visit me at the old place; you know, Mademoiselle, your brother has been there. Ah, your brother *was* a nice young man, a *very* nice young man, a dangerous young man!'

¹ How are you, Mr. Christian? Can speak German. Mr. Zollwitz taught me.

² Thanks, thanks; beg to report, I'm well. The English are a brave people.

³ Commend thou thy paths, &c.

Somebody stood by—Lord Tenterton. He devoured Ethel with his eyes, and there and then made up his mind to propose for her as soon as possible. A little tremulously, not at all like his lordship, he approached Ethel and began to converse. Ethel, heart-free there, chatted on glibly, drawing my lord into the meshes deeper and deeper. The old duchess, Lord Tenterton's mother, approached, patted Ethel on her cheek, and said:

'Sweet child, sweet child; quite right, Frank, to be so attentive; comes from a good stock.'

Ethel became confused, curtsied, and turned away to Mary. Mary looked at this first great party in her life with curious eyes; it seemed to her as if she were not there in reality, as if she did not belong there. Those people had other aims in life than she. Next to her stood ever and ever a great dark presence, that chased away joy and happiness, and filled her with an undefined longing for death. Mary would have sat there, scanning the English countenances, and trying to guess at the characters they covered, had not suddenly Ethel and some one else stood before her.

'Mary'—the girls called each other already by their Christian names—'my brother wants to be introduced to you. I must at once tell you that he comes to you for forgiveness. He was very rude twice to your brother, having an inconceivable dislike to your countrymen. Can you forgive him?'

Mary smiled. 'I think my brother would have forgiven if *you* had pleaded, and so will I?'

'Mademoiselle Zollwitz, I am very grateful,' said George Harrowby penitently. Their eyes met—there is something in young eyes meeting—does an electric spark pass from the one pair to the other? Did it here?

Mrs. Damer fetched Mary. 'My dear young friend, you *must* come and sing us a song. I will accompany you.'

Mary had no excuse about colds, but rose, and within a few minutes all eyes were on her, standing by Mrs. Damer's side near the piano. Do you hear them, those strains of Schubert's, 'Who is Silvia, what is she?' Every voice was hushed. Men stood still. Politicians held their breath. Women glanced across nervously; and one young man, as it sounded again, 'Who is Silvia, what is she?' one young man rivetted his gaze upon that speaking face. He walked unconsciously right across the room. He stood still before the piano. In that face something spoke to his soul; that face he felt would make another man of him; that face could raise him out of his slough of despond. The voice stopped, and as he meant to bend forward and thank the singer, there came across his inner gaze another scene. The room swam round. *He, the elegant Oxford student, stood under the verdure-covered porch of a French Protestant curé's house in Normandy, and that curé's pretty young daughter was holding up her face to him, and the*

Oxford student impressed his first kiss upon those innocent lips. A shiver passed through George Harrowby's frame; he turned very pale, tottered, and held to the piano. Lord Tenterton hastily led him from the room, and laid him on the dining-room sofa.

Ethel hurried down. 'Thank you, thank you, Lord Tenterton; it's very kind of you. Dearest George, what is the matter?'

Tenterton whispered, 'Think he is smitten altogether; dead done!'

George beckoned to Ethel; Tenterton withdrew. Ethel wiped the cold perspiration from her brother's face; and when she saw the tears in his eyes, bent over him, and pressed a sweet loving kiss on his lips.

'Don't mind shedding some tears, George; it is not unmanly; it shows some good in us. Do you remember what a great poet once said: 'Dieu a refusé la vertu à ceux qui ne savent pas pleurer.'

'Don't quote French, for God's sake, Ethel; my uncle always does that in his cynical moods. You are a dear good girl, without the quotation, and I didn't know it, and I might have gone to the devil without knowing what a treasure was near me. Come, call William, and let me go home.'

George Harrowby got home to his lodgings in Portman Square, and dismissed William. George Harrowby lay quite still for some ten minutes; then his breathing became harder, his eyes started almost from their sockets, his hands were clenched, he struck his head with his fists, and rushed across to his writing-table. He took the photograph album; from it he tore the hundred and one likenesses of doubtful enticing beauties; down under foot he trampled them; he swept with one rush the French novels of the modern school on to the top of them; innumerable scented notes came next in a shower; French and English voluptuous prints and drawings were pulled from the walls and cast down, and then, pointing in a ghastly and sneering manner at the lot, he exclaimed: 'Good God! good God! what have I been? I forgot that girl till the spiritual face of this German beauty called her to mind. Good God, what may not have happened! She was innocent; I know it, and I, and I—what may she not have done? I never heard from her; I never thought of *that*—there are such things—the woman who wrote Adam Bede said something about it. There is a translation of that German Burger's ballad, 'The child's murderess.' What shall I do? act uprightly; go to her? She might have lost my address, and forgotten my name. I gave her both, and told her to write, but never heard. And must I lose that angel, that angel who might reform me, to be just to a little French girl? My wasted life, my missed career, my neglected studies, my wild nights and lazy days—it is coming, coming upon me—help! help!' and George, seeming to lose his actual nadir on earth and his moral zenith in the heavens, struck his arms in wild dismay right across the table. One of the burning candles he sent on the heap he had collected, and himself fell forward on his chair. Goethe's picture was realized;

there grinned Mephistopheles opposite his Faust, but far above poor Gretchen was saving the *repentant* soul.

The row had awakened landlord and landlady. People ran into the room, with some trouble extinguished the flames of the burning books, and put George Harrowby to bed—raging in the wildest manner, and sick for weeks to come with brain fever; far less sinning than sinned against by the consent and encouragement society gives to false ideas of culture and elegant fast life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO POLITICIANS.

MARY ZOLLWITZ opened her eyes one morning in an English gentleman's house; she had remained at the Damers' overnight. Mary had been brought up so rigorously and simply, and spiritually so refined, that this wealth of materialism overpowered her. Existence seemed here in this country to have new outlets and new desires, for which her mind found no equivalent; the *richness* of life impressed her as the *necessity* of life had impressed her brother. Poor child! this teaching of her aunt Augusta to accustom herself to renunciation had so broken the stems of youthful aspiration that they had withered ere in full bloom; and now, this bright new life before her, this striving for actual enjoyment, this unrestrained interchange of feeling with strangers, overwhelmed her. Mary hung down her head; she knew that the strength was wanting to breathe such an atmosphere, and some unintelligible feeling came over her that for her was only the cypress, while her brother was reaching up for the laurel. For his striving, searching nature were indeed fitted the words of Sir William Jones:

Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

What might healthy English life not yet have done for her? She looked so much livelier when Ethel fetched her from her room to take her to Mrs. Damer that her very beauty was enhanced a hundred-fold, yet you could not help agreeing with Harry when you looked at her: 'Somehow the tears would come into one's eyes.'

Mr. Damer sat that morning like a sultan among his beauties—the banter, the talk about the newspapers, the plans for the day, Harry's caustic remarks, all breathed actual enjoyment of actual existence. This activity became communicative, and Mary was chatting unrestrainedly with the great political man till he made her blush by exclaiming:

'Bravo, bravo, young lady! How I wish our girls had to learn such sound things! how I do wish the schoolmaster would come among our mammas and daughters here a little—the downright good schoolmaster, teach history and geography, grammar and the initia of science applicable to daily life! I hate a foolish drawling woman. I am afraid I have been spoilt,' he added softly as he turned his gaze on the sweet wife next to him.

Harry begged to have the girls given up to him, but for an hour, to go into the Square garden.

'You know,' he whispered to Ethel, 'you may dream there to your heart's content, and stare at the flower beds; Mademoiselle Mary and I will amuse ourselves. She shall tell me lots more about her country. I must have living teaching, papa says, not dry books; and she is twice as nice a teacher as you, you cross girl!'

He hugged Ethel all the same, and called her his own old love. The young folks were gaily wending their way in the garden, forgetting time and necessity: the old folks were not doing better at home. Professor Holmann came to fetch Mary, heavy at heart; he had a visit before him that would tax all his nerve, and he feared that Mary would now but too soon see that sad mystery of her mother's life unravelled.

The Professor and Mr. Damer entered the latter's study; it was no snugger like that of D'Alvensleben, but an immense apartment built out under the conservatory and the reading cabinet—so as to be accommodated to Mr. Damer's roving habits. He *must* have space to move in; his custom while thinking was to walk up and down—he would perform miles on such peregrinations in his room. The two men paced side by side and easily fell into political talk, of which Master Harry had such a horror; Mrs. Damer left them—even for her they would dip too deeply into the affairs of statecraft.

'So you think, Professor, that England has been the only individually developed political state in Europe?'

'The only one. A great test for the soundness of political institutions is the way in which a nation will form political unions or societies. Here with you the people, when they combine to carry some great object, have a sound rational method; they keep in *one* direction, they remember that they represent but a *portion* of the whole nation, and they individually affix their signatures to their opinions as a verification. Witness the Reform clubs and Corn Law League; in all other countries political societies have no definite object, but a Utopian, unrealistic desire to turn the whole state machine topsy-turvy. Witness the Jacobite clubs in France and the "freedom societies" in Germany in 1848. We *must* go step by step in state development.'

'But it is a tedious method, when the wants of an increasing nation render new ways of government more and more necessary.'

'Ah, that is another thought you take up, Mr. Damer; it may be

that your individual political life was too restricted, admitted too small a portion of the nation to share its responsible action. You are right there; England is beginning to see that however politically independent it has made itself among the lagging nations of Europe, it has however to suffer for a great waste in collective strength, by the prerogatives enjoyed by certain classes that would not freely admit other classes to unrestricted intellectual life. If you will allow me to say a strong thing, "England's brain has gone into trade." Not that trade is a bad or unnecessary occupation—far from it; but trade is not exempt from any other exclusive direction. Exclusive directions pervert a country's development.'

'But we have great statesmen, learned men, savants, artists, soldiers, and sailors.'

'So you have; but your educational methods not being elastic and being too individual, you have formed cliques—and cliques are bad. You have shown by history what you can do: it is my idea that you might again astonish the world by what you could do, by sifting and strengthening education. You are the first realistic novel writers of the world—an immense test for the strength of *individual* life; you are the first realistic and political essay writers of the world—an immense test for the strength of *intellectual* life; you are the first political orators of the world—an immense test for the strength of rational independent *political* life; you are the first and grandest traders of the world in a higher sense—an immense test of the strength of *active* life. But you want method; you are a little given to self-deception and self-laudation, and decline to be discussed. Do not mind it—let others discuss you; look things straight in the face and forget that you are islanders. There is no island now in a certain sense of isolation; we all depend on each other more or less, and we *must* learn to understand each other better.'

'There, Professor, you hit upon an idea of mine. Our education does *not* fit us to understand other nations—we are too exclusive, and call this exclusiveness "English" with a foolish childish pride.'

'My dear sir, the lesson will have to be learned, rest assured, that exclusive national pride is behind the time, unless some strong minds like your own point to a new direction.'

'I am afraid, Professor, I am as yet little fit for it. I must say that if I could improve our legislation in any way, if I could but carry one great measure for my country's benefit, I should die happy, thinking my time had not been wasted. But as yet I have to learn; in my inmost heart I feel that *my* education has not been equal to my capability or energy. I have lately, with the scanty historical knowledge I possess, tried to cast for myself a general glance over historical political development. Why have we no political chair at our Universities? I know constitutional history is studied as a subject of law; I know political economy is; but I want more than that, I want

young men, who may not care to become learned men, to have lectures delivered to them that will give them a wide survey of the political development of ancient and modern nations, its aims, its shortcomings, and its results. We get members of Parliament who *cannot* have been trained in political knowledge—honest, upright men—who want but sounder education, and much of our superfluous talk and insufficiency of action would be done away with.'

'Right, sir. We want a history of politics, we want teachers in politics. If Aristotle could, more than two thousand years ago, admit politics among the ethical studies; if we have had such a bright galaxy of writers on politics since; if the Greeks, whose political life was pre-eminent but one-sided, and therefore doomed to extinction by a stronger people—if they could show us political historians like Thucydides and Polybius—orators like Perikles, Kleon, Lycurgus, and Demosthenes; if Æschylus and Sophocles gave us political strains in their tragedies; if the Roman poets did the same; if Roman political oratory counted such men as Cato, Marcus Antonius, and Cicero; if Roman political historians can point to a Tacitus; if in modern times your own country had such historical writers as Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson, besides many others—Germany, Schlözer, Von Gagnern, Dahlmann, Malchus, and Vincke—France, Montesquieu and Delolme—Italy, Machiavelli; if such a host of political oratorical stars shine on your horizon; if France furnished us with some scarcely less in brightness since the revolution, and Germany in very modern times has also brought forth hers; if political aspirations have originated some of the most stirring poetical strains; then, I say, political science, or rather art, deserves more consideration in our education than it receives, so that these efforts may not remain the isolated fruitless monuments of single individuals.'

'You meet me in the object I have at heart; our young men must be impressed with the idea that they must acquire *useful* knowledge for political life, and that property and position will not alone give them political standing.'

'It is dangerous in our times, when great movements are desirable among the nations of Europe, to give political power into weak or unskilled hands; it may cost a country dear, and I for one should—man of letters as I am—deal sharply with those who venture to hold the balance of a people's welfare in an uncertain scale.'

'Professor Holmann, how long do you intend to remain here? I want to ask your advice about a tour I wish to make on the Continent.'

'Oh, I have a sad duty to perform in [England, and can forecast nothing. Believe me, my dear sir, that every hour spent in your society will be most agreeably spent.'

'It is very good of you. Come now, dine with us to-morrow, and leave Mademoiselle Mary here.'

'I think she must come home to her uncle; he is lonely. Poor child, she has not yet seen much of joy.'

In rushed Harry: 'Here we are papa; come along, and make Mademoiselle Mary stop. You don't know what a clever girl she is; she talks almost like her brother, and is much jollier than she looks. Do look at her.'

Mary stood there with Ethel, red as a fresh-blown rose. Holmann's loving eye rested upon her:

'Dearest Mary, you *must* come home.'

'Very well, dear Professor; I shall be ready in a few minutes.'

'I hate that solemn old man,' whispered Harry to Ethel. 'Bother him, he isn't her father or commander. I wouldn't give up myself like that. I know she would like to stay.'

'I wish she would,' answered Ethel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SOD AND A STORY.

Wer um Todte trauert,
Glaub' es: Ewig dauert
Nicht der Aussaat Zeit.
Aus enthülster Schale
Keimt im Todesthale
Frucht der Ewigkeit.¹

So sang Salis, friend of Goethe, Wieland, Herder, and Schiller. Who has not sung that theme of death, of the body's annihilation? Hamlet cynically brings it before his uncle the king, that equalisation of greatness and littleness on earth: 'We fat ourselves for maggots; 'A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of the worm; 'Nothing but to show how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.' In our Burial Service Job says: 'And though after my skin, worms destroy this body.' The worm equalises all, it destroys the husk—from that husk what shall arise? The worm destroys, the sod covers; when the sod covers the story is done. The gay, the wild, the sad story, it is done—there may be some hearts that remember it, but generally we

¹ Let him who mourns the dead,
Believe this: Ever lasts
Not the time of seed.
From the shelled husk
There springs forth in the vale of death
The fruit of eternity.

pass on to the next. There is so much to be attended to in this world of ours that we have not time to linger.

A life was ebbing fast in the Chelsea street—such a mournful life! Pale and beautiful, a woman lay on a poor bed in the room above the odds and ends shop—a little girl cowered at the foot of the bed and would not be removed. The doctor had just called, and pronounced life to be of short duration; a cab drove up, and out of it stepped Professor Holmann, in it remained a young lady, thickly veiled, and a tall military-looking old man.

Holmann went into the shop. 'How is she?'

'Won't last long,' said the woman, whimpering. 'The Lord forgive us, but she looks bootiful. Who can she have been?—and I never knowed it. I do pity her, I do indeed.' That hard-hearted woman meant it; death was melting the crust which poverty and wretchedness, relieved by gin, had formed round that particle of her body called a heart.

'Take me up,' faltered Holmann.

'Here is some one come to see ye, my dear,' she said, as she approached the bed. 'How are ye now?—any better?'

The sufferer stared at the questioner and looked round. How was it to be borne, the Professor thought, this first look? He stepped up gently by the side, bent down over that thin listless hand and kissed it.

She looked at him—*such a look!* 'I know you,' she said in German; 'you are Professor Holmann; don't be afraid of me, my senses have come back. I am going away and mind nothing.' In her other hand she held a medallion firmly.

'Mathilda, dearest Mathilda, have you strength to speak to me?'

'Oh, yes, a little. Come here, my dear friend. There, in the drawer, is a parcel of papers—they are for you. Professor, where are my children?'

'Your son is a noble boy, a noble man; he is in Germany,'—the Professor knew not if he spoke rightly. 'Your daughter, Mathilda, your daughter is before this door, and poor dear old Christian.'

She became uneasy. 'Stop a while—stop a while,' she gasped. 'Come here, down to me. Where is my husband?'

'Up there,' said the Professor.

'Then I shall go to him soon, for look here, look here—for all that the world said—for all that the world thought—here in hunger and thirst, in want and misery, in the madhouse, where I was for two years—never, never, never has this left me.' And exultingly she held up the medallion, her husband's portrait. 'It was false what they told to him. Oh, God! it was done by that man—by D'Alvensleben—to deceive him and separate us.'

She had half raised herself up; she fell back exhausted—utterly exhausted.

'Say no more, Mathilda. Why leave? why never tell us where you were?'

'How could I?—How could Frau von Zollwitz be doubted? Better disappear and die the death of forgetfulness!' she faltered faintly.

It required all the Professor's courage to bear it.

'Seventeen years?'

'Is it so long? I did not know—how time went by—I was cold here,'—she put her hand on her heart—'and empty there'—she put her hand on her forehead. 'My daughter! I—I am dying!'

The Professor fetched up the veiled young lady—the old soldier followed.

Mary bent over her mother—found at last! Speaking was out of the question. The mother felt with her poor trembling hands her child's hair, her child's dress, her child's face. 'My little, little Mary, my baby-girl,' she gasped. 'God was good to me at last, He sent you here, my angel—don't forget—kiss Hermann. There is Christian—good Christian, don't cry; I am happy now. Come here, Professor. In the days thou knowest, dear friend, thou didst promise—I know thou hast not forgot—come here—that little girl—I begged it—it was a tie—gave it me at the madhouse—take care—and that poor shabby man at the madhouse—he was good, pitied me, gave me what he had—sang to him sometimes, sometimes—look to him—mad people do have pity for each other—dear friend, promise!'

She closed her eyes—her breathing became harder and fainter—the day declined. Restoratives could do nothing—life ebbed and ebbed—the fiery red angel was ascending—the flag fluttered. With a super-human effort that poor sick woman rose in bed, she threw up both arms, she called out:

'Hermann, Hermann, thy faithful wife is coming!' The husk fell back, the spirit had fled!

Outside another despairing sound was heard:

'She is dead! I know it—my heart tells me. Run up and see!' The shabby man spoke to the woman; she, gentler than usual, did go up, and returned.

'She is gone,' was all she said, as she came down.

Then that shabby man tore his hair. 'All is gone that tied me to life! What's the use of bearing it longer?'

On he rushed: a fearful splash, and the waters of the Thames had buried one more of the worldly sick mortals, whose nadir is not firm and whose zenith doubtful, and who somehow gravitate into a pauper's, a criminal's, or a suicide's grave!

The mourners sat still and wailed—the child crept to the dead woman's side. 'Won't you sing any more, ma'am?' she asked gently.

'No, my dear,' said the Professor. 'Come, you shall go with us.'

'I wish she had taken me; she was an angel, and God had sent her!'

What could describe the feelings of those within the room? There are things on the face of our earth beyond description; we must humbly

bear them. From the moment that Mary's mother had heard her name pronounced by Lord Wharnton, her recollection of former circumstances had returned. The doctor had, at Holmann's request, prepared her gently for his visit, because with recollection—after being half-witted for years—came the last struggle, the earthly tenement gave way, and the sound mind could no longer exist in it. The whole story was in that bundle of papers of which Holmann took possession. Christian remained by the corpse, and the little girl would not be removed. Mary left—life's bright hope gone, for that mother's image would never leave her!

When Holmann entered the cab again he murmured, 'If we but knew, when striving for so much material comfort, "*Che 'l tempo è breve e 'l necessario poco*," and would but turn our gaze to something else, this sorrow could not be! Mary, you *must* be strong; I cannot.' And the good man sobbed as he left that forlorn Chelsea street.

[To be continued.]

RAINDROPS.

WHEN thunderclouds hang black in May,
Cool drops refresh the weary day:
To man, in childhood's short-lived grief,
Fast-flowing tears bring sweet relief.

The clouds that come in winter's train
Drop snow instead of tender rain,
And duller grief can find no tears,
To melt the ice of older years.

W. H. POLLOCK.

THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

BY 'PATROL-LEADER.'

PROFESSIONAL soldiers who have been in the habit of devoting a certain amount of study and attention to the current military literature of the last twenty or thirty years must be well aware, that the relative value of the French and German systems of instruction for manœuvring large bodies of troops has been very frequently made the subject of discussion during that period. What is known to military men as the French system is indeed not by any means exclusively employed in that country; on the contrary, it is what we have ourselves put in practice at Aldershot, Shorncliffe, Colchester, and the Curragh. It has been frequently used in Russia; as, for instance, at Kalisch and St. Petersburg; and also in Austria in former times, but not of late. A number of regiments, battalions, batteries, and smaller divisions, are sent to what is, by courtesy, called a camp, being in reality a huge overgrown barrack. They are there incorporated into brigades, divisions, &c., go through a course of drill, and are then set to perform 'school manœuvres' or so-called 'sham fights,' in which everything is settled beforehand, and the most improbable suppositions are necessarily resorted to in order to escape from the monotony of constantly manœuvring on one spot. These 'sham fights' forming the tests, as it were, of what has been done in the way of educating the troops, all the previous drill and instruction is made subservient to them; in a word, the troops are trained to perform wholly artificial, not unfrequently totally absurd, manœuvres; and having gone through a course of this monster drill, the regiments, battalions, &c., have been hitherto cast adrift from Châlons or Aldershot, from Colchester or Satory, to relapse into their previous position of *disjecta membra* of the mass of the army.

Perhaps the best criticism we can offer of this Franco-English system will be simply to state what the German or rather the Prussian system is, for it has only been of late adopted by the other German States.

First of all, the brigades, divisions, and corps d'armée are permanent organisations, with commandants who regulate and inspect the whole work of instruction according to one general plan, commencing with

companies, squadrons, going on at a later period to battalions, and finishing at the end of July with whole regiments of three battalions each ; equivalent to English brigades, or a good deal more if we regard the number of men. Secondly, the troops being permanently quartered in the same districts and with reference to their tactical formation, the whole of the work of concentration for the great manœuvres takes place gradually, and is carried into effect by the staffs belonging to these troops. Thus, in fact, a very valuable part of the instruction commences long before the manœuvres themselves, which form simply the climax of the whole year's work ; and this having been reached and gone through, the troops return in the same gradual manner to their previous cantonments or garrisons, resolving themselves as they get nearer to their respective permanent stations into smaller bodies, divisions into brigades, regiments, and battalions successively, without however for a moment ceasing to belong to the same higher organisation as before.

Now this is simply the type of what occurs in actual warfare : there are marches to concentrate the army ; there are operations in the field ; there are marches to take the troops back to their garrisons : and everything connected with the movement of the troops having been thoroughly mastered before the manœuvres really commence, it becomes practicable for those who have the direction of them to devote their whole attention to the tactical movements, to the real fighting business.

In France and in England it has been hitherto the practice to whirl an isolated battalion or regiment by rail from Bordeaux or Liverpool to Châlons or Aldershot, and then after a certain time whirl it back into a new isolation at Lille or Edinburgh.

Two leading principles of great importance are adhered to in Germany with the greatest strictness. First, never to attempt anything in the shape of manœuvres, not even the skirmishing of a squad of ten or twelve men, without opposing to the body of whatever strength it may be a really equivalent force to represent the enemy. The latter is never supposed or 'marked ;' and this is the only way in which the troops can acquire from the least to the greatest anything like correct ideas of actual warfare ; we may, indeed, go farther and say that it is the only way in which extravagances and absurdities can be avoided ; and even so, it is difficult to escape these wholly, because the actual effect of the soldiers' weapons which shows itself soon enough in real warfare cannot, of course, be exhibited at manœuvres. *The best rifle shooting of the best of our volunteers is therefore of no avail, and goes for nothing at a manœuvre.*

The second rule is, that companies, squadrons, and, to a certain extent, batteries must be augmented as nearly as possible to their real war establishment for the manœuvres properly so called ; and for this reason : in actual warfare a company, battalion, squadron, &c., can

cover a certain extent of ground with skirmishers or outposts, or undertake to attack or defend given points, and of course the rules laid down in every army as to such matters always have reference to the war strength of these various bodies. It is, therefore, utterly impossible to escape all sorts of bewildering suppositions and *make-believes*, if one attempts to make a show of doing with fifty men what really would require a hundred men. What one wants to exhibit to both officers and men is as nearly correct a picture as possible of the reality of war; and not a bewildering daub, with the words, 'this is a horse,' 'this is a cow,' 'this is a brigade,' 'this is Hannibal,' 'this is the gallant Adjutant-General,' written under the figures.

Now the French, and we must also admit the English, have been hitherto mostly in the habit of exhibiting not only one-sided manœuvres of this kind, but also of doing so with battalions and squadrons of any strength that just happened to exist at the moment; and it was consequently nearly impossible for the leaders of the troops to avoid, not mistakes merely, but glaring absurdities, which of course rendered it equally impossible for the general officers who directed the manœuvres to criticise the faults committed and point out their consequences. This is not an imaginary case; here is some documentary evidence.

Everyone has heard of Prince Frederick Charles and his celebrated pamphlet published about ten years ago. Speaking of the French manœuvres, the Prince remarked, that the errors committed were never blamed or even criticised by the general officers in command. To this M. de Fruston replied, in the '*Spectateur militaire*,' that this accusation is not exact: 'Every fault,' he says, 'that is discovered is blamed, or rather remonstrated against, in a friendly manner and rectified by the chief; otherwise our exercises would be not only restricted and incomplete, but would become the personification of tactical anarchy, in fact regular mobs, which even the Prince himself does not venture to assert. The fault committed is not made a display of to the staff nor in the orders of the day. It is in private or in the presence of a friend or two that a kindly observation is made to the officer about the mistake he has fallen into. This explains the attitude of ease or even of vivacity distinguishing the officer who returns from an exercise at which he has not been successful; he does not dread the wounding criticism nor the humiliating blame that he would have to encounter in Prussia.' Of course not, and the manœuvres are according. At the same time it is necessary to remark, that the Prussian criticism can only wound very thin-skinned individuals in this dreadful manner, being always strictly objective.

All of a sudden, in consequence of the lamentable breakdown of the French, we have now determined on reorganising our military establishment, abolishing purchase, creating military districts, testing the Control Department (we hope that is the proper title), and introducing autumn manœuvres after the Prussian method. Some one

seems to have said, 'It is evident that something must be done; let us therefore attempt something new and grand; let us do a Prussian manœuvre, and it will be all right; the public knows nothing at all about the matter; its motto is like that of the Capuchin friar, *Credo quia absurdum est.*'

So the thing is to be done, not indeed in the manner originally projected, but after another easier fashion; a little escamotage is to be introduced, and certain portions of the *dramatis personæ* are to be made to perform double duty, first with one part of the force and then with the other; just in the same way as we have seen, many a long year ago, soldiers of the Connaught Rangers at Corfu, representing, in one scene of the 'Siege of Corinth,' Turkish and in the next Venetian soldiers.

It would seem from this, that the Control Department is supposed to present the main difficulty, and that everything else is considered to be as it should. There has been indeed some talk of the lateness of the harvest, and the equinoctial gales, but the evil effects of the latter will be no doubt totally avoided by the difference of latitude between Berkshire and Hampshire. Far be it from us to enter into a controversy about the Control; we leave that to others, and undertake the simpler but not pleasing task of enquiring whether, supposing the equinoctial gales, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the harvest, and the Herr Upper Controller to have been propitious, there may not exist other reasons why these manœuvres should not have been attempted for the present at least.

Has the reader ever had an opportunity of observing how a good military band or an orchestra gets up a piece of music or an opera for a public representation? Of course each player has first to learn his part for himself; then the horns, clarinets, flutes, or violins, &c., have to get up the parts belonging to these instruments together in groups; next come the rehearsals; the instruments must be tuned, and the various groups are combined gradually into one perfect unison, before the piece is performed in public. This is the Prussian method of doing military manœuvres; there is a graduated system of instruction from the company up to the corps d'armée, the whole of which is got through at home, that is in the regular garrisons of the troops; but it is all applicable anywhere and everywhere; only the troops must be tuned, like the instruments, and there must be no learning of single parts in the middle of the performance.

What is proposed to be done in Berkshire or Hampshire is like bringing a lot of brass bands, wooden bands, and stringed instrument bands together, that have never been together before, and setting them to work at Wagner's music of the future without ever tuning the instruments. Sir Michael Costa or Sir Julius Benedict can tell Mr. Cardwell what sort of 'Katzenmusik' or Charivari would result.

Let us begin with the Line, and first of all the Cavalry. There would be a sufficiency of this arm, perhaps. But we may ask, Does it ever

practise patrolling, reconnoitring, outpost duties, skirmishing *after the Prussian fashion*, that is to say, squad against squad, troop against troop, regiment against regiment? If not, why not?

Let us go on to the Artillery. Have we got twenty batteries horsed and equipped in every respect for field service? If not, again, Why not?

For the Infantry we may ask the same questions as for the Cavalry, substituting company and battalion for troop and regiment. There are, however, other still more important questions to be asked. What about the war establishment of the companies? is there such a thing as a war establishment? is anything at all fixed about the strength of battalions, except that they are sent out to India as strong as possible, in order that they may not die out too rapidly and be reduced to perfect skeletons before their time of service is over?

This is the proper place to mention in what manner the Prussian regiments, &c., are brought up to the war establishment for the autumn manœuvres. It is simply by calling in the reserves of trained soldiers from furlough. Perhaps Mr. Cardwell will call in his reserves and complete his battalions to the war establishment for the Hampshire manœuvres; if so, we beg his pardon, but we are really getting quite confused; there is, it seems, no fixed war establishment, and as to the reserves, we are by no means certain whether any do really exist. Professor Pepper might be able to render them visible.¹

Granting that the infantry *battalions* of the line may by some occult process be brought up to about the strength of two and one quarter to two and one half German *companies*, there remains the difficulty, not to say absurdity, of attempting to carry out manœuvres on the principles of modern infantry tactics with this number of men, divided into *ten* companies. This is no pedantry; modern fire-arms have rendered it impossible to manœuvre in open or indeed any ground otherwise than with half and quarter battalions of a certain strength; the quarter battalion or company has become the tactical unit of the infantry. Battalions of 1,000 men in four companies is the German formation; it would do very well perhaps to have the same number of men in eight companies, and then work with divisions of two companies each; but a battalion of 550 to 600 men in ten companies is equally obsolete, except for parade ground purposes, as a wooden three-decker armed with eighteen-pounder smooth bores would be. It has required about the same length of time to put both one and the other of these war instruments out of fashion; there is no escaping this conclusion, however it may wound our vanity.

Let us look at this matter from another and a very important point of view. A Prussian battalion has in the field 1,000 men, led by sixteen company officers, one major, and one adjutant: total eighteen

¹ The newspapers of the morning of August 12 state that the first Army Reserve is being called in for *four days'* drill and organisation in extra battalions.

officers, or one officer to fifty-five rank and file. At Weissenburg, August 4th, 1870, the proportion of killed and wounded officers to killed and wounded rank and file was one of the former to eight of the latter. At Wörth, on August 6th, the proportions were one officer killed for every thirteen rank and file; one officer wounded for every twenty-one rank and file; and, taking killed and wounded together, one officer to twenty rank and file.

Let us now take a British infantry battalion, giving it 1,000 men, in ten companies, led by thirty company officers, one Lieutenant-Colonel, two majors, and one adjutant, total thirty-four officers, or one officer to about twenty-nine rank and file; the British officers would no doubt go into fire just as the Prussians did, and then what a glorious harvest for the great mourning warehouse in Regent Street!

Before we finally dismiss this matter of the reserves being called in in Germany for the manœuvres, that is to say, at the general annual rehearsal of the field work, it will be as well to remark that Mr. Cardwell's reserves are to be kept in good working order by being called in annually for a certain number of hours' drill by gaslight, in a music hall or mechanic's institute. Good Mr. Cardwell, knock that notion out of your head; it can never answer! We have a vivid recollection of a certain gallant major of Militia, who kept, many years ago, a pack of hounds in Merrion Square, Dublin, and used to hunt the back slums, about where the railway station now is, regularly three times a week, but it was *not* good sport.

And so we arrive by an easy transition from the Line to the Militia, which is also to appear '*sul campo della gloria*' in Hampshire. With respect to this portion of the force, there can be no doubt whatever that it is never permitted to have an opportunity of, or at least time for, acquiring anything beyond slight acquaintance with the simplest forms of elementary tactics; the twenty-eight days being devoted, and necessarily too, to drill pure and simple. Is a Militia battalion ever taken out by companies to learn field duties, outposts, patrolling, and their other duties? or is the instruction in skirmishing ever carried beyond the dressed lines of the exercise ground? Certainly not. The Militia has not, and cannot have, the preliminary instruction necessary to enable it to take part in field manœuvres with the slightest prospect of benefit to the officers or men.

This matter is too important to be slurred over; the Militia has hitherto really formed a very valuable portion of the national force, and it was no doubt a very judicious thing to send Militia battalions to the old-fashioned Anglo-French camps of institution, so long as the old system of infantry tactics was in vogue; but from the moment that quite a different method of infantry combat was introduced, this ceased to be the case, *because this method can be quite as well if not better acquired in the home garrisons*; and unless time and opportunity are afforded to the Militia battalions to perfect themselves in this new

method, not only the men but the officers, it is quite useless to send them to the autumn manœuvres in Hampshire or elsewhere.

Many people seem to attach great importance to the fact, of a certain, and by no means inconsiderable, proportion of the officers of the Militia having previously served in the Cavalry and Infantry of the Line or in the Guards. In some respects this is an advantage, but in the altered condition of affairs, too much weight must not be attached to it, nay, it may even prove an inconvenience. The *ci-devant* Liner brought with him to the Militia the now totally obsolete system of tactics that he had spent his youth in acquiring; to this he is pretty sure to adhere most tenaciously and obstinately; his idea of efficiency for the Militia is to make it resemble the Line as much as possible, and the training period is so miserably inadequate that nothing more than an outward resemblance can be attempted. For this reason, anyone who wishes to discern the weak points of the Line cannot do better than direct his attention to the Militia, where he is sure to find a glorious exaggeration of every possible formalism.

We have no wish to play the part of Cassandra, but we really do apprehend that the Hampshire manœuvres will afford evidence of the unfitness of the Militia in its present state to undertake work of the kind, and perhaps too their whole character and object will be thereby changed, if not defeated.

Having said so much of the Militia, what can we fairly say for or against the Volunteers, who have neither the twenty-eight days' continuous training, nor any of the other advantages hitherto enjoyed by the constitutional force? This is a delicate subject, but it is also a most important one. It is no fault of the Volunteers themselves, but simply through the course of events, that armaments of this kind have lost their value; and, therefore, any criticism we may offer applies much less to the force itself than to the system on which it is based.

What can the Volunteer Rifles do? what have they an opportunity of learning? We may say without fear of contradiction, that they can shoot most admirably, that some of them can go through a few battalion movements tolerably, and they can march past, on an average, pretty well. This is what the constitution of the force renders it possible for them to learn, some better, some less perfectly, and they do learn it. But the thing they do best of all, the shooting, is of no use whatever at a manœuvre; it cannot even be exhibited, the few battalion movements may possibly come into play, but just as likely not, and this marching past is of very secondary importance. The outpost duty that can be learned at the Guildhall, or the skirmishing that can be practised at the Inns of Court, is no doubt admirable in its way, but would be scarcely applicable in Hampshire. There is no use in beating about the bush, the Volunteers have not opportunities of acquiring the preliminary knowledge that would enable them to take a part in real manœuvres.

It will be said of course, that unless the Volunteers are permitted to take part in the manœuvres, they will never learn, in fact, they will not even know whether they are fit or not, any more than the Irishman could say exactly whether he could play the violin or not without having first tried. Before we proceed farther, let us put the question: How are the volunteers organised? how many companies in each battalion? of what strength? and here we stumble on that monstrosity in nomenclature, an administrative battalion. What does military administration mean? how on earth can this term be applied to a force that has neither permanent pay, clothing, subsistence, or anything else to administer.

The Volunteers, who have no opportunity of learning practically either skirmishing, out-post duty, or even the commonest precautions requisite when marching in the face of an enemy, that is to say, after the only rational manner in which these things can be learned, who have only partially a battalion organisation, and that too an imperfect one,—these men are to be combined into extempore brigades and divisions, and sent to do Prussian Manœuvres; they are to learn all these things that are wanting '*chemin faisant*,' the opera is to be performed in public with the full orchestra before the musicians have learned their parts. Oh, bravo Figaro, bravo bravissimo!

It has been more than once asserted of late that Parliamentary government, *by parties*, depends mainly on compromise; it is indeed not openly avowed that what is compromised can be nothing less than principle, but this is sufficiently evident on the face of the assertion. Tender professors may no doubt be enabled to reconcile their consciences to the apparent immorality of this dogma by the consideration that what *their opponents* are called upon to sacrifice is not in reality principle, but merely something mistaken for it; and if the said professors have a good working majority at their back they are of course in the right; heterodoxy is always another man's doxy. This system of compromise may or may not work well in matters connected with the civil administration of a country: we have no wish to enter into the question; but we are quite certain that an army *cannot be organised, reorganised, or even administered on any such principle* without the most dismally ludicrous results ensuing, and this we assert as a matter of experience and not merely of theory. If anyone will take the trouble to trace out to its ultimate cause the superiority of the German Armies to the French, he will find that it depends wholly on the fact, that the former were organised on fixed scientific principles, not indeed without a great struggle, whilst the latter was disorganised by compromises and make-believes. It is, however, quite unnecessary to go abroad for proof of this; there is sufficient evidence of what we assert in the whole of the nauseating debates on the Army Reform, or abolition of purchase or autumn manœuvre question, or whatever it was,

for these things have been all jumbled up together, and made the subject of compromise.

We have long been aware of the existence of invisible under-currents in the management of affairs of which all we who theoretically govern ourselves see no positive indication on the surface, but it was reserved for the parliamentary session of 1871 to justify the paradox, that publicity and duplicity are convertible terms, and in justice to all concerned we must admit that there is no longer any attempt made to conceal the concealment; the formality of argument, or at least controversy, may for the future be dispensed with—‘*stat pro ratione voluntas.*’

Promotion by purchase, which no one could possibly defend on principle, has been done away with not by demonstrating its indefensibility, but by dangling an impossible project of army organisation coupled with an impracticable plan for performing Prussian manœuvres before the eyes of the general public, finishing up with a *coup d'état* in the House of Lords. What shall we say for the business capacities of those who put forward these schemes, if they believed the impossible and impracticable to be feasible, or for their political honesty, if knowing their worthlessness, they still insisted on them? The whole scheme of army organisation has been compromised away to secure the abolition of purchase, and now the Grand Prussian manœuvres are gradually subsiding into a sham fight ‘*al solito.*’ As to the Lords, nothing was left for them but the argument of a ‘*reductio ad absurdum,*’ which has been consummated.

The plan of the original manœuvres, as detailed in the Memorandum of the Quartermaster-General presented to the House of Commons, being merely a sketch, should not perhaps be subjected to criticism. We cannot, however, refrain from remarking that there is a great deal too much of *supposition* in it, that the result of the operations is too much narrowed in, and, worst of all, there is one makeshift resorted to which destroys all the air of reality that forms the real essence of the instruction to be derived from properly conducted field manœuvres. It was proposed on the fourth day to convey by rail, right through the zone of operations, 10,000 men, to be posted at Wantage, Letcombe, and Lockinge. Now one of the great lessons for the Cavalry to learn would have been to report where and how they had rendered this very line of rail impracticable, and moreover on the third day they should have been able to report to the southern army the whereabouts of these very same troops that do not appear till the fourth. This merely shows how difficult it is to avoid losing time and opportunity and misleading the troops when makeshifts have to be resorted to. It cannot be too often repeated, that the umpires never can do their duty fairly and efficiently if they have to take a number of hypotheses into account.

The whole of this manœuvre appears most unfortunate, and will have exposed to foreign Governments not only our total ignorance and help-

lessness, but what is even still worse, the hopeless way in which our military affairs have got jumbled up with party politics into a sort of tangle that nothing short of a regular catastrophe seems likely to unravel. Mr. Cardwell's speech on introducing the Military Manœuvres Bill makes a frightful *exposé*. Early in February the Duke of Cambridge brought forward a plan of Sir Hope Grant's, who recommended that 15,000 to 20,000 regular troops should be marched in the course of the summer from Aldershott to the New Forest: what this force was to do there is not stated. If this had been carried into effect, the working of the Control system could have been tested at least, and perhaps some useful practical information acquired by the troops: the thing was feasible at least. But the Government found it necessary to make political capital out of the manœuvres, so as to facilitate the passage of the Disorganisation of the Army, or rather, the Abolition of Purchase Bill through the House of Commons; the country was to be called upon to pledge itself to the expenditure of several millions of money, and the hook required a bait of some kind. So a council of war was held in Pall Mall on March 11, and it was decided to form a camp of 30,000 men, to be composed of regular troops, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers. The three last-named descriptions of force are well represented in the House and command a certain number of votes; that was enough; and a grand Prussian manœuvre was therefore held out as an inducement to the country and the House. Sir Hope Grant very complacently withdrew his plan, having discovered that the New Forest abounds with flies and is very hot in summer; this is a delicious morcean for the Russian 'Invalides' or the Berlin 'Militair Wochenblatt.'

We can only repeat once more what we have already said; did Mr. Cardwell or his advisers know that, putting the regulars altogether out of the question, the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers cannot possibly possess the preliminary knowledge indispensable to troops that are to do Prussian manœuvres? or were they wholly ignorant of the fact? Is the governing principle in military matters humbug or ignorance? We prefer the latter alternative; it seems more natural in a country where a man makes a bet that the world is flat and not spherical, and then having lost his wager, loses an action for slander and a lot of damages into the bargain.

We have laid so much stress on the necessity for constant instruction in field work being imparted to troops in order to prepare them for field manœuvres, that we fear we shall be suspected of exaggeration; and, therefore, in order to set ourselves right in this respect, give a sketch of the programme of instruction for the Prussian troops taken from a well-known class-book;¹ this extract may also be useful in other respects, especially to those whose ideas on the subject of drill and instruction have been formed on antique models.

¹ Baron Lüdinghausen, 'Organisation und Dienst,' &c.

As mention is made in this sketch of recruits and older soldiers, it is necessary to point out that, the term of training with the colours being three years, one-third of the peace establishment of the troops is annually dismissed to the reserve, being replaced in the ranks by an equivalent number of recruits, every one that has served above one year being considered an older soldier. The recruits generally join in October, and therefore the year's work may be conveniently supposed to commence at the same date. We have therefore the following Scheme of Instruction for this period :

October to December.—Fundamental drill of the recruits in exercise and (theoretical) instruction. The older soldiers have gymnastics, bayonet exercise (for the artillery, practice with the guns) and theoretical instruction, also *field-work* and target shooting. In the larger garrisons there is a good deal of guard-mounting for the older soldiers at this time.

January to the middle of March.—Exercise in the company, instruction. The other exercises are continued, as also sighting practice at target, for the whole company.

Middle of March to end of April.—Battalion exercise and sighting practice.

May to July.—Fieldwork, target practice, gymnastic instruction and swimming.

Beginning of August.—Exercise in regiments (of 3 battalions) and brigades (of 6 battalions).

End of August to beginning of September.—Manœuvres.

Remainder of September.—The reserve men are sent home. Practice of field work on a small scale, especially for the officers and non-commissioned-officers, after which—*da capo*. About one-third of each man's triennial period of instruction is therefore devoted to practical field-work and a large proportion of it to theoretical instruction in the same.

WITH THE AMERICAN EMBASSY FROM TANGIERS TO FEZ.

BY BEN TARICK.

IN the spring of 1871 I received an invitation from Colonel Mathews, the Consul-General for America at Tangiers, to accompany him to Fez, a city to which he was about to proceed on a diplomatic mission. Although I had been some years resident in Morocco, I had never had an opportunity of visiting the capital of the west Barbary States, and therefore gladly availed myself of the chance of doing so. For centuries this country has been almost a terra incognita, and even up to the present time very few Europeans have visited the capital. I therefore considered that a few notes which I put down while on the expedition would not prove uninteresting if offered to the public.

The mission consisted of Colonel Mathews the Consul-General, the Vice-Consul Mr. Scott, and an interpreter, Captain Cobb, an American citizen; three gentlemen who happened to be visiting in Tangiers and four British officers from the garrison of Gibraltar had also received invitations and joined the party. On the morning of May 20 we assembled at the American Consulate, and from that proceeded through the streets of Tangiers, and out under the old gateway, where, about two centuries ago, during the time of the English occupation, Colonel Kirk's soldiers mounted guard. Here we were joined by the Pasha of the Province, and several of the European Consuls who accompanied us to a short distance from the town. An escort of ten Moorish cavalry soldiers was sent as a sort of guard of honour to proceed with the mission to Fez, and besides these the Pasha had twenty men who were to return with him to Tangiers. These fellows were mounted on small but wiry-looking horses, which to the eye of an English connoisseur would certainly appear rather weedy, having the bad qualities of the Arab horse in an exaggerated degree; they were, in short, cow-hocked, narrow-chested, and long-pasterned, but it is just to say they are capable of getting over a great deal of ground in the day, and will do much more work than their appearance would warrant.

The soldiers themselves were hardy, active, bronzed-looking fellows: they had long Moorish matchlocks slung over their shoulders, and with their snow-white turbans, long flowing burnouses, and coloured sashes bound round their waists, through the folds of which a scimitar was passed, they presented a wild and picturesque, but by no means unmartial, appearance.

At the hill of Baharein, a few miles from the town, the Pasha took leave of us, and we followed a straight and gently ascending track till we came to a range of hills about ten miles from Tangiers. Our road lay over the top of these hills, and when we reached the summit we halted for the first time since our departure. The scenery from this point was most charming, rain had fallen abundantly up to within the last few days, and all the land looked fresh and green on this lovely May morning. Stretching on towards Tangiers was a broad level expanse of country, planted with barley, wheat, and durra. On the other side, in the direction of Arzila, which was to be our halting-place, was a similar but very much longer plain, also covered with waving crops interspersed here and there with Arab villages, and bounded by distant hills, whose outlines we could just see through the morning haze. After stopping a few minutes to admire the scenery, we continued our journey, and passed on by a path through the fields only broad enough for one horse at a time.

Now and then we met droves of camels, with merchandise for Tangiers, and groups of Arabs passed us on the road all armed with the old-fashioned Moorish matchlock, a very unmanageable and clumsy weapon, and frequently a dangerous one to the man who fires it. *À propos* of this, I may say that during the war against Spain in 1860, an Englishman of a speculative turn introduced some Enfield rifles into Morocco for the use of the Moorish troops. One or two specimens of them being shown to the Sultan were rejected by that potentate, who sagely observed that to make them of any use cartridges were required, and were the cartridges to be expended the rifles would be of no use, whereas with a matchlock all that was wanted was a handful of powder and a bullet, which would always be forthcoming; besides, had not their grandfathers used the matchlocks, and should not such wise old men like them know far better what was right than the young generation?

At about seven P.M. we arrived at Arzila, where we found our tents pitched about three miles outside of the town, on a dreary treeless wind-blown plain. All our equipage, with tents, spare mules, servants, had been sent on before, and when we arrived we found everything ready for our reception. A deputy from the Pasha of Arzila invited Colonel Mathews into the town, to which most of the party proceeded, and we entered the house of the American Vice-Consul of the place, where we remained for a short time. Arzila is a decayed but very ancient city, having been a place of some importance in the time of the Romans; it has now only a population of about 1,500 people. It is situated on the

coast, and has a few ruinous fortifications, on which some old honey-combed guns, dating probably from the Portuguese occupation, remain. On our return to camp we dined in Colonel Mathews's tent, and then, rather tired by a ride of about twenty-five miles, we separated early, as we were to be on the road again at about five the next morning.

May 21.—We were in the saddle at five A.M., and after riding a few miles entered the province of L'Araiche. We were here met by an escort of soldiers who were sent to meet us by the governor of the province. Riding on through gently-undulating ground, we reached at noon Klatsa Rysana, a place where a weekly market is held. From time to time along the road the Moorish cavalry soldiers who had been sent out to escort us indulged in a good deal of what they call 'lab-el baroudh,' literally 'powder play.' In performing this exercise the whole party urge their horses at full speed, and on a word of command from the chief of the party they discharge their matchlocks and then wheel round, retiring a short distance until they load again. Colonel Mathews, who speaks Arabic perfectly, conversed for some time with the officer commanding the party, who was a very intelligent-looking man with all the manner of a perfect gentleman. We found Klatsa Rysana a wide open plain with a few Moorish villages scattered about. Provisions in abundance had been sent by the Pasha: they consisted of sheep, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, and immense dishes of a peculiar preparation of flour called kus-kusou. After we had lunched, some of the party went out shooting, as we were informed by the Moors that the country about here abounded with hares, partridges, and rabbits.

May 22.—We started from Klatsa Rysana early in the morning, still accompanied by the Moorish escort. The country seemed fertile and well cultivated: it was studded in some places with patches of cork wood. At about one P.M., we arrived at El-Kesar, where we found our tents pitched on a slight elevation overlooking the town. The country in the vicinity was rather pretty, being laid out in orange-groves and well-wooded orchards.

El-Kesar contains about 9,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom are Jews. The town was in a state of great commotion when we arrived, as a few days previously a member of the large family of the Shereefs or soi-disant descendants of the Prophet had arrived from Fez for the purpose of marrying the daughter of a man of the town. The inhabitants of the neighbouring hills, a rather simple and primitive people, unfortunately having heard of the forthcoming event, arranged to offer some presents, consisting of a few sheep and cattle, to the Shereef. These they sent by the hands of chosen deputies to the number of two thousand, selected chiefly from the youth of the tribe, who in due time arrived at El-Kesar with the offerings, having also brought their arms in case of accidents. On entering the town the mountaineers proceeded to the house of the Shereef, and duly presented their gifts, which were received with thanks and a highly compli-

mentary speech. The worthy fellows then commenced to make themselves at home. One party repaired to the gate of the town, where a kind of tax is collected in the form of a duty levied on every camel or mule load passing in or out of the gateway. They entered the custom-house established here, told the officials and soldiers in charge that their services were dispensed with, and allowed them to take their departure, after having been rather roughly handled. They then proceeded to plunder the treasury of any ready cash they found there, which they divided among themselves, after which they established on their own account a gate duty like the former one, charging, however, only half the amount per load. Another and much larger party at the same time made a raid on the market-place, which they at once looted, thrashing severely any of the owners of the merchandise who resisted them. After this they repaired to the Jews' quarter, beat and otherwise maltreated any of that most unfortunate race whom they chanced to meet, burst open the houses, robbed the contents, and fired volleys in through the various windows, wounding several of the inmates, apparently out of pure recklessness and love of mischief. Matters had at last assumed so serious an aspect that the Pasha was obliged to send a message inviting these interesting children of Nature to leave the town and go to their camping-ground outside the walls; this proposal they were good enough to accede to, and passed out through the gates (which were at once closed) without doing any further mischief.

May 23.—At daybreak we started from our camp, and after a ride of about a mile arrived at the river Locus, which we crossed by a broad but shallow ford. The scenery about this place was rather picturesque, the right bank of the river being planted with orange and olive trees. After crossing the river, we ascended by a somewhat precipitous road till we arrived on a broad level plateau where the province of L'Araiche terminates and that of El-Gharb commences. Here we were met by the Caid Sidi Ben Howdah, one of the governors of the province, with a fresh escort of Moorish cavalry. After riding a few miles we saw in advance of us the mountaineers who had created the sensation I have described at El-Kesar. The Chief Ben Howdah, knowing the desperate character of these fellows, very few of whom had ever seen a Christian before, sent repeated messages to their leaders to move them aside as far as possible from the track which we were following. This order, however, they distinctly refused to obey, saying they intended no violence, but only wanted to see the son of America, as they called the Consul-General.

On this Colonel Mathews directed the party to advance, and as we approached them they formed up on the road-side in three distinct bodies. They seemed for the most part hardy, active, broad-shouldered young fellows, their skin burned to a reddish brown by exposure to the sun; physically they were certainly superior to the Moors of the

plains. They fired several volleys of blank charges as we passed by way of a salute. Some of the chiefs were mounted on nice-looking Arabs and presented a picturesque and warlike appearance with their long white robes and bright arms.

We rode on for a few miles more until we arrived at Ben Howdah's residence, near to which our tents were pitched. The chief's house was a stone-built and fortified place surrounded by a high wall, capable, if well provisioned and garrisoned, of resisting for a considerable time any force not provided with artillery. We had hardly arrived at our tents when twenty-five men appeared, carrying on their heads large trays which contained several dishes cooked after the Moorish fashion, also jars of milk (the Arab symbol of peace), and sweetmeats; a large quantity of provisions in the way of sheep, poultry, eggs, bread, and kus-kusou had also been sent by Ben Howdah's order. Not very long after our arrival, the mountaineers we had passed on the road and who were on their way home arrived, and as they approached, formed up in a succession of columns and halted before the gateway of the Caid's residence. Here they expended a good deal of powder in repeated volleys of blank firing, and then marched to their camping-ground, where a few small tents were pitched for the chiefs. Towards evening they pressed in hungry crowds round the gateway, and were served with soup, kus-kusou, mutton, and fowls. A large quantity of provisions had been stored up ready for them, but as evening advanced, fresh relays of hungry and impatient men crowded round the entrance (they were not invited in) and loudly demanded more. Ben Howdah's stores were at last exhausted, the gates were closed, and the hill men retired to their camping-ground, where they kept up during the entire night a hideous music made by beating tomtoms and playing a rather harsh instrument known as a Moorish flute.

May 24.—We started early under escort, and after riding for an hour were met by the other governor of the province, the Caid El-Habassi, with about one hundred and twenty followers, who conducted us across a fine broad plain to the river Siboo, before arriving at which we passed the large country market of El-arabi-sidi Aisa Ben Hassan, thronged with mountaineers and peasants. We crossed the Siboo in crazy ferry-boats, and were delayed a long time in consequence of the difficulty of getting the horses and mules to enter them; some eventually had to be swum across. On the south bank of the river, we found ourselves in the province of Ben Hassan, and having proceeded a short distance we pitched our tents for the night.

May 25.—We started early in the morning and passed through a fertile level plain, like most of the country we had traversed since leaving Arzila. Before we arrived at Sherardah, where we were to pass the night, we were met by five caids or military chiefs with an escort of about four hundred mounted soldiers; they were drawn up in single lines, each caid being slightly in advance of his own party. As we

advanced the five chiefs rode forward and welcomed Colonel Mathews to the country: the whole party accompanied us to the camping-ground, where, as at every other place we stopped at, a large mona or present of provisions was sent to us. There is no town at Sherardah, the name being simply given to a collection of small villages.

May 26.—We started with an escort of about nine hundred men, who accompanied us to the end of the plain we had been crossing for the last two days, and for some distance over the mountains lying north-west of Fez, where we were met by an escort from the Pasha of Loudana, by whom we were escorted to the Wad Miques, a river over which we crossed by a bridge, one of the very few that are to be found in West Barbary. On arriving at our tents, which were pitched under some large spreading trees on the banks of the river, we found that fifteen soldiers were under arrest. They should have formed part of the escort sent out to meet us, but had not been present when the party started, being unable, as they alleged, to catch their horses in time. They had all been sentenced to be flogged, and the first man's punishment was just being completed as we rode up. He was stretched face downwards on the ground, his hands and feet being firmly held by four men. All his clothes had been previously taken off, with the exception of his short linen shirt. Two other men then took their position, one on either side of him, each armed with a heavy thong of plaited cowhide which they brought down in alternate heavy strokes on the back and legs of the wretched creature, whose screams for mercy we heard as we rode up. About fifty lashes had already been given, and the bruised and lacerated flesh attested the severity of his punishment. Colonel Mathews at once interfered, and requested the officer in charge of the party to release the other men, who were about to receive a similar flogging, and fourteen men, saved thus from a barbarous and cruel punishment, understood, for the first time, that the banner of America, which floated over the Minister's tent hard by, carried along with it those principles of humanity and justice which are a characteristic of the American people.

May 27.—Three hours after starting we saw the walls of the city of Fez, some five miles away, and, following a winding path through some mountain passes, we emerged into a broad and beautiful valley, in which the city of Fez is situate. The place, whose appearance I am about to describe, was founded by Muley Edris, a descendant of the Prophet, A.D. 807. It was once the seat of all the arts, the sciences, and the learning possessed by the Moors of former days, and of which a few traces remain even at the present time. Schools and colleges were instituted, commerce flourished, justice was impartially administered, and such a character for learning and taste did this city acquire that when a great part of Spain was conquered and in some measure colonised by the Moorish hosts, their nobility used to send their sons to the Fez University to receive an education which Moorish Spain itself, refined and cultivated as it was, could not afford. One of the

largest of the mosques of Fez is that of El-Karoubin, to which is attached a library containing a great number of very ancient books, amongst which are, it is rumoured, some of the Greek and Roman authors (written in Greek and Latin); indeed it has been supposed that were this library thoroughly searched some classical works hitherto supposed to be lost would come to light. It is next to impossible, however, to obtain reliable information on this point, so great is the intolerance of the Government and the dread of interference from any Christian Power. The city is beautifully picturesque at a distance; it is built on several low hills, and the glowing white of the flat-roofed houses is relieved by the gaily decorated mosques, which, scattered in profusion through the city, and built with all the delicacy of design so characteristic of Moresque architecture, left nothing to be added to one of the loveliest panoramas I have ever seen. All around and even inside the city are highly cultivated gardens and lofty trees, while far away for many miles in front tower the Atlas ranges, the highest peaks of which are covered with everlasting snow.

As we approached the gates, numbers of the officials of the Court and city came out to meet us and welcome the representative of America, the first, it may be remarked, who for nearly forty years had visited the Sultan. For some distance along the road we passed through a double line of Moorish infantry troops. Fine-looking fellows they were, but, with most execrable taste, clothed apparently in cast-off uniforms of different European armies, and provided with many a varied description of firearm of ancient date, and certainly of little use if required for active service. A band, composed of men who, from their countenances, I judged to be Spanish renegades, were playing tolerably well on brass instruments. After entering the gate of the city, we were conducted through narrow streets to a palace which had been placed at our disposal by the Sultan. The palace was built round a square open court, with a marble fountain in the centre. There were no windows, and light was admitted through large doorways, the woodwork of which was beautifully carved in Moresque tracery. The palace was furnished with a mixture of European and Moorish taste. On the floors were scattered handsome rugs and carpets, with richly embroidered cushions; there were also gilt bedsteads and washhandstands, articles of furniture not always to be found in the houses even of the nobility. A spacious garden was attached to the palace, laid out in pretty parterres of flower-beds, planted with orange and peach trees; and supplied with water from various fountains. Soon after we were installed in our quarters the Prime Minister, El-Hadj driss li Amani, paid us a visit, and said the Sultan would be happy to see the Consul-General in three days from that time.

May 28.—After breakfast we decided on visiting the Jews' quarter, and on notice been given of our intention of doing so orders were issued by the Sultan to have it at once cleansed and purified, a process

to which it had not been subjected for some years. The Jewish quarter is separated from the rest of the town by walls, the gates of which are closed every night, and even in the daytime the persecuted Hebrew can only obtain permission to walk through the Moorish quarter on condition of carrying his shoes in his hand, whilst the wealthiest and most venerable of his class are exposed to the frequent and wanton insult of the lowest Mussulman street ruffian he may chance to meet. Many of the houses are spacious and lofty, but the streets are narrow, and even after the partial cleansing they had undergone were filthy to a degree. We were invited into several houses of the wealthy Jews, which were as a rule luxuriously furnished, in the usual Eastern manner: cushions and rugs generally supplying the place of chairs and sofas. Here we witnessed in all its repulsiveness a most painful though common spectacle in the East, that of young female children married to middle-aged and even old men. In one house we saw four married girls whose united ages amounted to only forty years. Several others we saw between ten and twelve, and one wretched wizened-faced creature of eleven years with an infant some months old in her arms. The natural consequence of this practice is apparent in the puny forms, retreating foreheads, and bird-like features of the Fez Jews. Indeed the only wonder is that, with the combined influence of early marriage, foul atmosphere, and grinding oppression, this singular race contrives to exist and multiply as it does at Fez. After leaving the Jews' quarter we strolled out to the environs on the north side of the city. The ancient walls at this place we found in a ruinous condition, and utterly useless for defensive purposes. We went up to an old and now ruined palace of the Moorish kings situated on an eminence close by, from which a fine view of the city could be obtained. On all sides beyond the walls the ground was occupied by green and luxuriant gardens, in which were built pretty villas and country palaces of the wealthy merchants and nobles, who often spend some hours of the day in these sheltered retreats.

May 29.—Colonel Mathews and his party received an invitation to dine with the Prime Minister, to whose residence we proceeded in the afternoon. We were served with a great number of Moorish dishes, amongst which sweetmeats figured largely. The first thing provided was tea, brought in by two very graceful young slave girls, of a light brown colour, but with pretty features. They were both dressed in loose white linen robes gathered round their waists by sashes, the long sleeves tied behind their backs. A good many of the slaves we saw had very intelligent countenances, differing entirely from the negro type, and these I was told came chiefly from Abyssinia and Nubia.

May 30.—This day being fixed for Colonel Mathews's reception by the Sultan, the Consul-General and party started early for the Menshuwar Palace, which was situated about a mile and a half from the town. On arriving there we found that the Imperial residence consisted more of a collection of irregularly-built Moorish houses joined together than

what answers to our ideas of a palace. The place was surrounded by extensive and well-wooded gardens. In front was a large open space, occupied by about twelve hundred infantry soldiers. We were conducted towards a large stone archway leading to the palace, the double gates of which, after a short delay, were thrown open. The Moorish trumpets then sounded loud and shrill, and the band which I have before alluded to played the Spanish national anthem, while under the archway Sidi Mahommed Ben Abderhmann, Emperor of Morocco, rode forward to meet us. He was mounted on a handsome white Arab horse, nearly covered with trappings of gold embroidery; before him walked two soldiers, and at one side there was an attendant holding over his Highness's head an immense umbrella, the symbol of Moorish sovereignty. The article in question was made of green and red silk, with gold fringe round the edge. On the other side was a man who with a white handkerchief was occupied in brushing away the flies from the horse's head. The Sultan is a middle-aged man, rather darker in complexion than the generality of the Moors. He has very intelligent features, but speaks with a painful hesitation, to which it is said he has always been subject. He was rather plainly dressed in a long white robe of fine texture brought over his head in the form of a hood, round which was bound a silk handkerchief. The usual compliments then passed between the Consul-General and the Sultan; the other members of the party were introduced and welcomed by his Highness; and the interview, which had lasted about twenty minutes, terminated, the Sultan retiring to his palace, and our party returning home. In the evening we dined with the Minister of Finance, and as the furniture and appointments of his residence were unquestionably the handsomest we saw during our stay, I shall attempt some description of them. Outside, no architectural beauty was discernible in the whitewashed blind walls; but on entering through a side doorway we were escorted into a spacious patio or court, furnished in the centre with a marble fountain, and surrounded on all sides by pillars supporting a broad balcony. The pillars themselves were hung round with heavy folds of velvet, worked at the edges and corners with pretty devices in gold embroidery. On ascending to the upper storey we passed through a number of long narrow rooms furnished with rich carpets and rugs, while here and there piles of silk and velvet covered cushions supplied the place of chairs and sofas. There were no windows, but an ample supply of light was admitted through the side doorways, which, together with the woodwork of the ceiling, were carved in that singular design known as the Arabesque pattern. The walls up to about six feet from the ground were hung with velvet and silk in the same way as the pillars I have before described. After some time we entered a large hall, in which a table was laid for dinner in European style. We were attended on by handsome Mulatto slave girls, dressed in loose white linen tunics fastened by sashes at the waist, and adorned with a profusion of gold

and silver ornaments. The dishes we were served with consisted chiefly of mutton and fowls dressed in various ways, and, as is usual amongst this people, large quantities of various kinds of sweetmeats and kus-kusou. I need hardly say that none of the ladies of the family were visible; it is quite possible, however, that some of the rooms we passed through were ordinarily inhabited by them, and that on the occasion of our visit the fair occupants had retired to a secluded part of the building. Walking out they are covered from head to foot by a loose white haik, which answers the purpose of a veil; they hold a fold of it in their right hand, which they draw over their face when any man approaches: occasionally, however, the veil is not so quickly arranged as to prevent the European when passing through the thoroughfares having a passing glance. When young, the Moorish women are pretty and well-featured: like all Oriental women they are kept in great subjection, and are entirely ignorant. The Moors are perhaps more jealous of their women than any other Mussulman race, and an instance of this occurred not long ago, when a Moorish woman, having permitted an artist residing in a town on the coast to paint her likeness, was seized by order of the authorities a few days after, and thrown into prison, from which after three days she was released, apparently in a dying condition from want of food. Had it not been for the strenuous exertions of the artist in question to obtain her release there is no doubt that a day or two more would have realised the evident intention of the authorities of starving her to death.

During the remainder of our stay in Fez we dined with several of the Moorish nobles, but, as their houses and the entertainments were not very dissimilar to those above described, any further account of them would not be interesting. A few days after Colonel Mathews was officially received by the Sultan. Both the Minister and the Vice-Consul received each a present from his Highness of a handsome Arabian horse and a sword with an enamelled scabbard inlaid with gold. Captain Cobb, the American citizen who accompanied the party as the guest of Colonel Mathews, and one of the British officers were each presented with a sword similar to that received by the Vice-Consul. Nothing of any great interest occurred up to June 7, on which day we started from Fez, and until we arrived at the river Siboo our road was the same as that by which we had come. On crossing the river we travelled westward in the direction of L'Araiche, a town which Colonel Mathews wished to visit, situated about sixty miles from Tangiers. L'Araiche, signifying in English the vine-trellises, stands on a promontory stretching a short way into the sea, at the mouth of the river Kous. It contains about three thousand inhabitants, of whom perhaps a fourth are Jews. This place was taken in 1610 by the Spaniards, who built fortifications which still exist. It has much more the appearance of a Spanish than a Moorish town, having remained under the dominion of Spain until 1689, when it was taken by Muley Ishmael. The ruins of the ancient

Phœnician city of Lixus are close by, and cover a considerable space. This place was once one of the richest and most important ports of Mauritania. It by degrees, however, lost its trade, owing, amongst other causes, to the gradual accumulation of sand at the mouth of the river, which effectually prevents the entrance of any but very small vessels. Some of the houses of Lixus were built of enormous blocks of stone, many of which are lying about. I measured some which were twelve feet long by three feet high. Among the ruins are some singular stone archways about thirty feet long by twelve in height. The entrance is at one end of the building, the opposite one being built up. There are no windows, nor any means of admitting light except by the entrance. The general idea seems to be, by the ancient inhabitants of the city, that they were used as prisons. Were the place cleared of the thick brushwood by which it is covered, and if a proper system of excavation were carried out, I am sure many curious relics of antiquity would be discovered, and even at the present time a visit to this place would amply repay the antiquary or the archæologist. On arriving at Tangiers which we reached on the 14th June, we repaired to the American Consulate, where we took leave of Col. Mathews, whose frank agreeable manner and genial good-humour made his hospitality on the expedition so doubly welcome. Amongst the natives of this country the Minister is decidedly popular and respected, from his complete knowledge of their language and the absence in his manner of that overbearing expression which unfortunately is too commonly assumed by a dominant to an inferior race.





DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKINS.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

As sweet Eurydice, with footfall light,
 Roved the Thessalian woods one moonlit night,
 Singing amidst the gentle Naiad throng,
 Who ranged attentive to her voice, a song
 That her own Orpheus taught her, suddenly
 Aristæus, hot with honey-wine, comes by,
 Follows the music ardently, and ere
 The singer and the listening nymphs are ware,
 Leaps in their midst, and, kindling to her charms,
 Clasps at Eurydice with eager arms.
 She, the sweet melody on her lovely lips,
 Snapt with a scream, from his embraces slips,
 And crying, 'Orpheus, Orpheus,' swift as light,
 Flies from the woods, he following, through the night,
 Until escaped from the pursuer's hand
 O'er the full Hebrus she has swum to land ;
 When, through the shelter of the sloping sward,
 A hooded snake that haunts the river ford
 Shoots his lithe length to meet her from the ground,
 And, ere she sees it, darts a deadly wound.
 She still would flee, if but she still may reach
 Her home, now nigh, and find a friendly leech,
 Or die at least in her dear love's embrace—
 But the black poison runs a swifter race ;
 Her footsteps fail, her limbs their force forget,
 Her fluttering sighs came fast and faster yet ;
 The landscape swims around,—she falters, falls—
 Thrice strives to rise, and thrice on Orpheus calls,
 Each cry a fainter echo of the last,
 And murmuring Orpheus still the gentle spirit passed.

Then Aristæus, stricken with remorse,
 Braves the loud flood, and kneels beside her corse,
 And chafes her hands, and every art essays
 From her last sleep the lovely Nymph to raise.
 But all in vain, and, turning with a tear,
 Slow he retraces his too swift career.

Anon the Naiads from the general flight
 Toward their Hebrus one by one unite ;
 And when—ah ! woeful hap—they see her slain,
 Beat their white breasts, and lift the cry of pain,
 Wood, vale, and mountain mingle in the dirge,
 The desolate River sobs from verge to verge ;
 And Night herself, veiling her starry eyes,
 Leads the lament with long-drawn tempest-sighs.

O say not that two sympathetic souls
 Can only mix as outward sense controls.
 Far off the mother of an only daughter,
 Pierced with her pangs, has tremblingly resought her :
 The absent brother feels the fatal power
 That strikes the partner of his natal hour ;
 And the fond youth, beneath far distant skies,
 Knows the sad moment when his mistress dies.
 Thus Orpheus, who had left his lovely spouse
 For Delphi's steep to pay his filial vows
 To King Apollo, starts from sleep to hear
 His name thrice shrieked with anguish in his ear :
 To earth he starts—a weapon wildly snatches—
 Hies through the hall, the darkling door unlatches,
 And stands bewildered in the moonlight clear,
 Crying, ' Eurydice, your love is here ; '
 Till the night airs on his uncovered brows
 Blowing awhile his woe-stunned wits arouse.
 But sense no solace yields, and, as he flies
 With homeward haste, still dark and darker rise
 Death's phantom fears, till on the dewy lea
 Orpheus has clasped his cold Eurydice,
 And laid alone by her with weeping strong
 And sobs tempestuous tosses all day long.

Then King Apollo, pitying the pain
 Of his dear son, whom most he loved of men,
 Stands by his side, his awful beauty veiling
 In softest cloud, and thus rebukes his wailing :
 ' Rise, Orpheus, rise, infatuate with grief ;
 Orpheus, arise, Apollo brings relief ;
 For not in vain hast thou required my favour
 With filial vows and first-fruits sweet of savour ;
 Nor idly did thy docile genius follow
 The magic music of thy sire Apollo.
 No Marsyas thou, but reverently mute
 To hear and learn the language of my lute,

And therefore thou of living men alone
Canst charm all cruel force with music's moan.

For this did Jason, warned of Chiron old,
In choice of questers for the Fleece of Gold,
Prefer thee helmsman of the hero crew
Of Argo, wisely yielding thee thy due :
Else had they never rowed to Colchian seas
Past those gray cliffs the dread Symplegades ;
For, as with oars that to thy harping clear
In cadence dipped, the desperate course they steer,
From the almost shock the shores resilient flew
Rapt to thy lay and let the questers through ;
Thou too, when far upon the western main
Fierce thirst possessed the heroes, with thy strain
Alone could'st win from the Hesperian Maids
The golden offspring of their garden shades ;
And after, when the Argonautic oars
Approached too near those bark-beguiling shores,
Where bleach the bones of many a music-slain
Mariner—and the Siren Sisters' strain
Was with its amorous enchantment stealing
Each quester's soul, thy heavenly pæan pealing
Struck dumb the weird witch-music, and reclaimed
Their service due who else the Quest had shamed.'

'And what avails that skill,' the mourner sighs,
'Oh ! father mine, when low my mistress lies ;
Though, when I luted, love stole softly o'er her,
The song that won her never can restore her.'

'Orpheus, I heard you once, when stars were clear,
Echoing the strains that thrill from sphere to sphere ;
You sang, whilst Argo o'er the ocean hoary
Leaped to the lay, Creation's awful story
Softly you sang ; and, though you knew it not,
Nature was tranced around in troubled thought,
Fearful lest thou shouldst wake that louder lay
Intolerable that shook her natal day.
Idly she feared, for I of gods and men,
Save Love alone, have knowledge of that strain,
And I but once its music can recall—
Yet, for I love thee, son, yea more than all
My children, and now pity, bride-bereft,
Thee I endue with my transcendent gift,
The song of songs, to whose ecstatic strain
Informing Love, from Chaos' dread insane,

Called the young Cosmos. Lift that psalm again,
And earth shall quake, the empyrean lower,
Seas rage, and at the last the Infernal Power
Ope to thy lay the inexorable door,
And thy lost mistress to thine arms restore.'

He said, and vanished, whilst a rosy source
Of sudden sunset flowing found the corse,
Kissed her cold feet, suffused her bosom's snow,
Blushed in her cheek, and melted on her brow.
Then Orpheus: 'For the dim discoloured light
Of Hymen's torch upon my nuptial night
This radiant omen, Phœbus, I accept ;'
Whilst o'er the lute his eager fingers swept,
Preluding softly to that mystic strain
Which he but wakened once, and none shall wake again.

Then the sphere-music stole upon the harp,
Pregnant with rapturous pain and pleasure sharp,
All things that are, enchanted, paused to hear,
Save the small growths that sprang to be more near ;
For joy and sorrow, birth and life, and death
Trembled together in that tuneful breath.

Anon the wild sphere-music louder grew,
Loud as when first the parent atoms flew,
Of air and water, fire and formless earth,
Each seed to share an elemental birth ;
For to that cadence arched the skyey dome,
The soft soil hardened, Ocean sought his home,
And shapes of sea and landscape loom around,
Till sun and moon and stars the night astound,
With living lustre leaping to the sound ;
And verdure springs, and with the breathing form
The earth and air and ocean sudden swarm ;
And last of all, to crown Creation's plan,
Awakes to life the myriad-mooded man.

But, on the even of that natal day,
Love's louder song had died into the lay,
That all too subtle-sweet for mortal ears
Thrills with eternal music through the spheres.
Orpheus alone had caught that softer strain,
And, as he wakes it now, his eager brain,
Inspired by Phœbus, links the sound subdued
To its loud, long-forgotten parent mood.

So lutes he, and so sings, with flashing eyes
And dark dishevelled locks that fall and rise
O'er his torn vestments to the cadence wild.
Eve fades—night blackens—and Apollo's child,
Unseen as Philomel pours his passionate thought
Whilst round him all the universe, distraught
By the fierce phrenzy of his awful lyre,
All breathing forms, earth, ocean, air, and fire,
Hear and make moan as each indwelling essence
That forms them feels the old Creative Presence
Maddening their rest, and drawing them to mix
In other moulds, and all that is perplex ;
Till at the sphere-song, out of centuried sleep,
Old Chaos rears him from the utmost deep,
Deeming perchance that erst obnoxious hymn,
Favourable now unto his empire dim ;
Then rocked the earth for fear, the vaulted heaven
Thundered aghast, far leaped th' affrighted levin,
Shook the deep sea dismayed, and, at the last,
Through the song-severed gates of hell the poet passed.

Hard by the hideous porch a spectral crew
Deform first meet the minstrel's troubled view ;
Grief, Labour, Care, Disease, and tristful Age
And Fear and Famine, War, Revenge, and Rage,
But shape most dread of all the demon Death
With infant face distort, a maid beneath,
Yet with lean palsied arms and locks of eld,
Who first from far the approaching bard beheld,
And fain to startle him to swift retreat
Begins : ' O fool, what strain to Death is sweet.
Essay no further, lest this countenance,
In wrath revealed, consume thee at a glance.
Or canst thou, front to front opposed, outstare
Her whose fierce eyes' intolerable glare,
Spite all the horrors of her serpent brow
And hellish aspect, laid Medusa low.'
She said, but Orpheus struck his saddest chord,
Wept the fell fiend, and past her haunt abhorred
The youth unhurt pursued his darkling way,
Till at his feet the Stygian river lay,
And rustling round him stole those bloodless ranks
That wait expectant on the oozy banks
For Charon's bark ; but that grim senior rowed
Toward the further shore his goblin load.
Then Orpheus, for Eurydice the lost,

Eager peruses all that phantom host,
 But vainly, when outspake a giant ghost,
 Whose shoulders topped the crowd. 'Oh! comrade dear,
 Orpheus divine, what quest has led thee here,
 Alive! O strange, as first *I* sought this shore,
 Admetus' bride, Alcestis, to restore,
 And with these hands, how forceless now, alas!
 Fettered the Triple Hound all fear to pass;
 Surely some bitter cause thy suppliant dress,
 Dishevelled hair, and downcast eyes confess.'

Then Orpheus weeping, 'Ah me, grief on grief,
 No woe is single, thou too here, my chief,
 Whom yesterday sang Victor, then she crossed
 The ninefold stream before thy life was lost,
 For, by a serpent slain, Eurydice,
 My bride, is hither borne. Oh, woe is me!
 Her now I seek; but what fate forced thee here,
 Whom of old Argo's crew I loved most dear?'

Then great Alcides tells the jealous wile
 Of Deianeira, by the Centaur's guile,
 Malignant, fraught with poison fierce and fire,
 Life-ridding on the self-sought funeral pyre.

'Console thee, Herakles, my comrade dear,'
 Orpheus presaged, 'for short space art thou here.
 It only needs to expiate the ire
 Of Dis, conceived what time his hell-hound dire
 Thy might o'ermastered, that as yon weak ghosts
 As forceless thou awhile shouldst range his coasts.
 Right soon from Hell exempt, with honours meet,
 Thee gods shall welcome to a heavenly seat,
 Constellate in their midst, and for the love
 Of woman, bless with Hebe's bower above.'

Now Charon brings his boat once more to land,
 And Orpheus hastes his service to demand;
 But with a hateful scowl the ferryman
 In scornful answer to his suit began,
 'Back, rash intruder in the realms of dark,
 For long as I direct the Stygian bark
 No sprite embodied enters it again,'
 He said; but Orpheus woke a soothing strain,
 So sweet, so softly wildering the brain,
 That all his grisly length old Charon slept,

Then lightly to his seat the poet stepped,
And, singing, o'er the stream with easy oarage swept.

Stretched on the further shore the Triple Hound
Owns with a troubled voice the magic sound,
Whom Orpheus passed, and through the palace-gate
Of Hell still presses on with hope elate,
Until at last before the dusky throne
Of Dis and Proserpine he casts him down.

Whom, sternly eyeing, Pluto straight addressed :
' Stranger, declare thy name and what thy quest,
No Tityos sure, nor with Alcides' might,
Hast thou approached the realms of nether night ;
My minions have been mocked with panic error,
If thou, effeminate form, hast caused them terror.
Speak, but expect no grace.' Then Proserpine
Broke in, ' My Lord, 'tis Orpheus the divine,
Offspring of Phœbus and Calliope,
Who, when the Fleece-Quest neared sweet Sicily,
His descant tuned till e'en the sea-beach smiled,
To bright-eyed blossom by his song beguiled.'
Then Orpheus, with fresh heart, awoke his litany wild.

' Not out of impious lust, O Nameless Name,
Nor friend for friend, as Herakles hither came,
Have I adventured to thine empire dread
No might of mine—ay well, this downcast head
And feeble limbs provoke thy sharpest scorn—
Not his poor prowess hath thy servant borne
Thus strangely past thy guardian forms of fear,
Charon and Cerberus, and set unscathed here,
A Power eternal bears me from above—
Now in my need forsake me not, O Love—'

On whom so crying bitterly a great change,
With tremor fierce and sighing thick and strange,
Smote suddenly—his labouring limbs assume
Stature divine, his front immortal bloom,
Erect he starts, a sudden halo bright
Burns from his brow, beneath whose living light
His eyes, bright stars in bluest heaven, shed
Ethereal influence through that palace dread,
Whilst his sweet voice divine went forth amongst the dead,
Singing the lives of those two lovers fond,
How dutiful in youth, then how beyond

Compare in piety ; and how they loved
 A long, long love, that but the purer proved
 By bitter ordeal ; their brief nuptial bliss
 And latest parting ; last the envenomed kiss
 Of the fierce serpent, when with flying foot,
 Scarce had Eurydice foiled the vile pursuit
 Of Aristæus, and how she failed and fell,
 And made her death-bed in the asphodel.

Here paused the voice awhile ; but soon again
 Awaking, poured a most enchanting strain
 Of a fair goddess in Sicilian meads,
 And Eros charioting those dusky steeds
 Soft o'er the lily leaves and grasses green,
 And to the King of Night bearing his beauteous queen.

Last the voice sang how that deep love divine
 Had never quenched in Dis or Proserpine,
 Or failed in anywise for Eros' aid,
 For which dear services that sweet voice prayed
 Eurydice's reprieve with its last breath,
 Then on the darkness died a most delicious death.

The strange song ceased ; but, ere its echo dies,
 Pluto repents him, and to Minos cries :
 'Eurydice is free, 'tis thine to fix
 The law that speeds the lovers o'er the Styx
 Unto the upper light, whose stern decree
 Bids Orpheus lead his dear Eurydice,
 But nor to turn, nor look upon his love
 Till they have safely reached the realms above.'
 Then forth they fare, the living and the dead,
 He first, she following with painful tread,
 Till every peril passed and ghostly dread,
 Upon the very threshold of the day,
 Fearful lest that dear shape had gone astray,
 Orpheus looks back, O fool ! for close behind
 His love still followed with a faithful mind ;
 But scarce has turned him when that well-known form,
 Half-spectre still, yet momentarily more warm
 With waking life, dissolves with shrill despair
 And looks of anguish on the nether air.
 Rose as she sank a universal knell,
 And clapped in thunder the grim gates of hell

Seven days and nights he strove, but strove in vain,
 Once more to wake that elemental strain,

Nourished the while on nought but tearful sorrow ;
But with the eighth inexorable morrow
He sadly rose, one look of longing cast
On Tænarus, and, sighing, Thraceward passed,
And three long years, amidst the lost one's bowers,
Wandered, wild warbling to her favourite flowers,
Laments more melancholy sweet than ever
Echo had answered by the Hebrus' river.

Thus on Eurydice his constant thought
Still fixed, no solace of fresh love he sought,
Till as he sleeps outworn within that wood
Whence she whilere had flown towards the flood,
Exasperate each at Orpheus' slights of love,
A Mænad troop steal on him through the grove,
Of whom one snatches swiftly from the ground
His lute, low-shivering with ill-omened sound.
'Io, exultant ! Io !' through the brakes !
The Bacchants shout, and shuddering Orpheus wakes,
But helpless quite, as of his lyre forlorn,
By the wild women limb from limb is torn.
'Eurydice,' the passing spirit cries ;
'Eurydice,' the troubled vale replies ;
'Eurydice,' afar, each snowy summit sighs.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

A FAMOUS FRENCHMAN.

Translated from an autobiographical sketch by MAXIMILIEN DE BÉTHUNE
DUC DE SULLY, Prime Minister of Navarre, and concluded by the
VICOMTESSE DE KERKADÉE.

My father was François de Béthune, Baron de Rosny, and my mother Charlotte Dauvet, daughter of the Seigneur de Rieux. At my birth I received the name of Maximilien. Our House drew its origin (by the House of Coucy) from the ancient House of Austria, with which must not be mistaken that which is now on the throne; the latter is descended from the Counts of Hapsburgh, who were only noblemen 300 years ago.

The House of Béthune gave its name to a town in Flanders whence came the Counts who anciently governed that Province. All the Béthunes distinguished themselves in the wars during the Crusades, and were amongst the first to scale the walls of Jerusalem.

Antoine and Coësne de Béthune, following the steps of their ancestors, were also the first to hoist the banners on the ramparts of Constantinople when Baudoin Comte de Flandres took that capital from Alexis Comène; Coësne obtained the government of it.

The Béthunes allied themselves to several princes of the House of France, to the Emperors of Constantinople, the Kings of Jerusalem, the House of Lorraine, and many other illustrious stocks.

In thus writing of my ancestors I beg my readers to exonerate me from all affectation or vanity. I was born on December 13, 1560, and although I was only the second son, yet (owing to the infirmity of my eldest brother) I was looked upon as the future head of the family. I had been brought up in the doctrine of the 'réformés,' and I have constantly professed it, spite of the threats and promises of parties and the vicissitudes of my times; nay, even the change in the religious views of the King, my protector, and his most earnest endeavours to win me over to the Romish persuasion, could not make me renounce my faith.

I was twelve years of age when the Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place. I had gone to bed very early the day before, and I was awakened

at three o'clock in the morning by the ringing of bells and the confused cries of the populace. St. Julien, my tutor, went out hastily with my valet to know the cause of the noise; but I never heard of them afterwards, and undoubtedly they fell a sacrifice to the public fury. I was alone in my room, dressing, when I saw my landlord enter the hall in the greatest consternation. He was a Huguenot, and, having heard what was the matter, had resolved to go to Mass. He had come to try and persuade me to go with him and do the same; but I would not follow him. I tried to reach the College of Bourgogne, where I studied, notwithstanding the long distance from the house, which rendered my resolution a very perilous one. I put on my scholar's dress, and taking a large missal under my arm, I went downstairs.

I was seized with terror, on entering the street, to see the furious mob, who surged fiercely through the streets, breaking open the doors of the houses, and crying; 'Kill, kill; massacre the Huguenots;' and the blood that I saw on the pavement redoubled my fright. I fell in with a corps-de-garde, who stopped me. I was questioned, and they were beginning to maltreat me, when the book I carried was luckily seen, and served me as a passport. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, and escaped from it with the same good luck. At last I arrived at the College; but the porter refused me entrance, and I remained in the street, in the midst of a fierce crowd still in eager search for fresh prey; when I bethought myself of asking for the principal of the College, called Lafaye, a good man, who loved me devotedly.

With the help of a few pieces of silver that I slipped into the porter's hand, I at last induced him to let me pass, and I was soon in the presence of Lafaye. The good man made me go with him to his room, where two inhuman priests, who were relating the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers, tried to tear me away from him and put me to death, saying that their order was to kill even children at the breast. All that Lafaye could do was to conduct me secretly to a small closet, and lock me into it. I remained there three whole days, receiving food from a servant of the charitable Lafaye, utterly uncertain what my fate would be.

At the end of this time, the prohibition against further slaughter and pillage having been at last published, I was taken from my prison.

Eight days after this adventure I received a letter from my father, in which he said how much alarmed he had been on my account; however, his advice was that I should remain in Paris, since the prince I served was not free to leave it, but that, in order to escape further risk, I ought to make up my mind to do what the prince had done, and go to Mass. But to this suggestion I would not assent.

As I was not always permitted to attend upon the King of Navarre, I employed my leisure in as useful a way as I could. I gave up the study of languages and many other studies, notwithstanding my father's

strong recommendation to me not to neglect them ; but this became an impossibility to me as soon as I returned to Court. I parted with regret from the excellent tutor my father had given me, and passed from his hands into those of one the King of Navarre had with him, whom he ordered to teach me mathematics and history, two sciences which soon consoled me for the neglect of my other studies. The rest of my time was employed in learning how to read and write well, and in the acquisition of exercises which give grace to the body, and the cultivation of the virtues which give strength to the soul.

In these principles, and especially in that of giving more attention to moral than to mental and physical training, the King had been instructed himself. But at the age of sixteen this course of education was interrupted by the outbreak of war, in which I engaged, in company with the King, without any hope of ever coming out of it with my life.

To our peaceful exercises succeeded those which only concerned war, and we began by trying the art of firing the arquebuse.

All that a young man can do at such a time is to make his heart profit at the expense of his brains ; for even in embarrassment such as we encountered, nay, in the very midst of arms, there presents itself to whoever knows how to seek for it excellent schooling for virtue and politeness. But woe to him who is engaged in so fatal a profession to youth if he fails in strength and will to resist bad example : if he has not the good sense to guard himself against all vices, how will he be fortified in those principles that wisdom dictates, to the private individual as well as to the prince ? Yes ! Virtue should become so much a habit by practice that no virtuous action should ever cause the slightest effort.

I soon followed the King of Navarre into the battle-field, and was made ensign in the regiment of M. de Lavardin, Marshal of France, who was very fond of me, and we went to defend Périgueux. I ran many risks, but the worst one was at the siege of Villefranche in Périgord. Having gone to the assault with my flag, I was thrown down by the shock of pikes and halberds into the ditch, where I remained sunk in the mud, and so hampered with my flag that without the help of La Trape, my valet, and of a few soldiers, I should certainly have perished.

The town was completely pillaged, and I obtained as my share in the spoil a purse containing a thousand gold crowns, that an old man, pursued by five or six soldiers, gave me to save his life.

During a truce the King of Navarre went into Béarn, and allowed me to follow him. He was going under pretence of visiting his sister, but in reality to see Mdle. de Tignonville (whose mother was governess to Mdle. de Navarre), and of whom he was very fond. I laid aside my uniform, and assumed a dress more suitable to the new part I was about to play.

My economy, added to my military profits, had given me a considerable sum, and I was able to pay several young noblemen to join me in attaching ourselves entirely to the King's person. My great youth made this very extraordinary, but I had felt in my early age how excellent it is to put order into one's house.

Mademoiselle, sister of the King, was very lively, and always in search of amusement. I learnt from that princess the art of a courtier, a thing very new to me. Her Royal Highness had the kindness to teach me how to dance in a ballet, which was executed with great magnificence.

The truce being over, we again began the war. After a great many conflicts, Catherine de Medicis wished to pacify the State; or having, perhaps, some other hidden designs, she left Paris with all her Court, and came to meet us. The ceremonious association between the two Courts soon gave place to pleasure and gallantry. The Queen Mother might then have concluded a truce over all the kingdom; but it was only arranged for the places where both Courts should be together, and within a mile and a half of them. Here they overwhelmed one another with politeness, and spoke with great familiarity; but if two of the opposite factions met outside it was fighting 'à l'outrance.'

We took several towns by stratagem; one of them was St. Emilion, where we marched during the night unknown to the Queen. We had an immense petard, in the shape of a German sausage, which we fastened to the recess of the window of a large tower; the noise of this machine, when it exploded, was so great that it was heard miles off. With it we made a breach in the tower which gave passage to two men abreast, and the town was taken by this means. Catherine was very angry, and said it was a premeditated insult, and both Courts separated, but only to mix again in a short time, as otherwise their pleasures would have been at an end. The Queen at last left, and war began again.

The King of Navarre, who had shown me the greatest friendship, soon gave me the post of Councillor of Navarre and that of Chamberlain in Ordinary, with 2,000 livres yearly. At that time this was the highest preferment, and I was only nineteen.

But I soon committed a fault which nearly lost me the good graces of the King. Two noblemen with whom I was at supper one night quarrelled, and entreated me to be their second, and keep the affair secret; I gave way to them, and did not let the King know. Both were dangerously wounded, and Henry on hearing of it was so irritated with me that he said I deserved to have my head off. Piqued by the King's threat, I replied, very thoughtlessly, that I was neither his vassal nor his subject, and that I would quit his service. He did not answer me except by a look of profound disdain, and I would have left this good prince had it not been for the princesses interceding for me. I was received by him for some time with much coldness, but

soon his affection for me returned, and I attached myself more strongly than ever to the person of a King who so well deserved an allegiance full of all love and loyalty.

Unfortunately I had made an imprudent promise to the Duc d'Alençon, and for a time I had to leave the King of Navarre.

From 1580 to 1587 a number of events took place, among them the affair with Flanders, the taking of the citadel of Cambray, the origin and the formation of the League, as well as many other events of great importance.

Whilst in Flanders I went to see Madame de Mastin, an aunt of mine. She received me as a nephew she had disinherited because he neither believed in God nor His saints, and who only worshipped the devil. This was the opinion of Father Silvestre, her confessor, and she blindly believed him. She made me visit with her an abbey she had founded, and where several of our ancestors were buried; she then took the opportunity of talking to me of my religion, and was very much surprised when I recited to her the Belief and other prayers we have in common with Roman Catholics; kind feelings were re-awakened in her, and with tears in her eyes she kissed me and promised me all her fortune; but no doubt Father Silvestre's hold upon her was too great, as never did I receive anything from her.

On leaving Madame de Mastin I went to Béthune, where all the possessions of my ancestors were, and I was received by the bourgeois and others, armed to the teeth, to do me honour, and bringing me all sorts of offerings. I left the town after having examined with secret pleasure all the public and private monuments which have carried down to posterity the memory of my ancestors, and of the benefits bestowed by them upon the town.

I left Flanders and rejoined the King, who received me with marked friendship, and also entered into negotiations with the Queen; but without much result. I remained in Paris, in order to be often at Court, and give the exact news of all that went on there to the King of Navarre.

I frequented the most brilliant society, and took part in all its pleasures and amusements. Being then in the flower of youth, it is not astonishing that I paid a tribute to love, and I became very fond of Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin, one of the most beautiful girls in France; however, an alliance with her was not exactly the thing for me, yet I could never have renounced her had not Lafond, my private valet, proposed to me to effect a diversion of my passion, and I made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Courtenay. I saw her and inwardly approved of the choice; she was promising to be very beautiful, and I found her excessively amiable. Besides that, she was allied to the royal House of Courtenay; she received my assiduities with pleasure, and soon after we were married.

The tenderness I felt for her kept me at home during the whole

year, amidst occupations, exercises, and country amusements which were quite new to me. Towards the end of it a letter from the King of Navarre took me away from my lazy life, and I returned to him.

The bold enterprises of the League had begun, and it is a surprising fact that in less than four years ten royal armies made attacks on the King of Navarre. The League was an association of princes, prelates, and noblemen of Picardy, assembled at Péronne, for the purpose of being dispensed from obeying the edict of the Sixty-three Articles promulgated in 1576 in favour of the Protestants.

I did not assist at all the sieges, but went about and fought at different places, until the sad news I received from Rosny obliged me to go home. The village had been depopulated by the plague, and my wife, who had lost most of her servants by it, had fled to the forest, where she had spent two days and two nights in her carriage. Then she had taken refuge at the Château de Huets, belonging to an aunt of mine. The joy my wife felt in seeing me yielded to her fear of the danger I ran in being with her, and she had the castle gates shut up, thinking I would go away. I entered, notwithstanding her resistance, and remained there a month, with only two noblemen and two servants, breathing the country air undisturbed, because the plague prevented people from coming near us. The persecution of all the Protestants made me fear that the money which was owed to me would be confiscated for the benefit of the League; however, I was paid upon contenting myself with 10,000 livres, instead of 24,000, which was entirely for King Henry's use.

I was severely wounded at the battle of Ivry, and the King, on hearing it, hastened to me, whilst I was being carried on a litter, and did not disdain to dismount his horse in order to express to me his sincere sympathy. When he heard that, although half-mutilated, there were hopes for me, he embraced me, saying: 'Farewell, my friend, recover soon and remember you have a good master.'

The King had wished me to try and effect a reconciliation between the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Soissons, and on returning from them I went to Anet, where Madame la Duchesse d'Aumale lived, who had repeatedly invited me to come and visit her. She expressed much joy in seeing me, and gave me a most graceful welcome. She took me by the hand, and we visited the galleries and the splendid gardens which made Anet so enchanting an abode. She was most anxious to see her husband obedient to his sovereign, but the conditions she wished to exact obliged me to decline meddling in this affair.

Hitherto I had seen nothing but what could do honour to the master of a truly royal house, and I should have been ignorant of the deplorable state to which he was reduced if the Duchess had not forced me to stay to supper and sleep there. After a meal long waited for, and as bad as it was badly served, I was ushered into a room all

marble, but so unfurnished and cold that, not being able to get warm or sleep in a bed whose short and narrow silk curtains, very light counterpane, and damp sheets would have frozen me in the midst of summer, I made up my mind to get up. I intended indemnifying myself for my wretchedness by making a large fire; but I found only holly-wood and green juniper, which would not burn. I spent the rest of the night wrapped up in my dressing-gown. I left this poor dwelling with pleasure, and went back to my people, who had fared far better than their master.

It was about this time that I experienced my first great sorrow: I heard of the illness of my wife, and fled to Rosny, where I arrived in time to receive the last embrace of this amiable woman. The death of so dear a wife shut my heart against all other feelings, and for a long time I thought of nothing else.

The dissolution of the marriage of Henry with Marguerite de Valois had taken place, and I was often in consultation with His Majesty about the choice of a new Consort. The Duchesse de Beaufort, Gabrielle d'Estrées, whose ambition after the birth of her second son had become unbounded, wished to be declared Queen; but Marguerite de Valois had refused to sanction her divorce with the King should the Duchesse be made Queen, and Henry, notwithstanding the importunity of his mistress, had been obliged to give up all idea of marrying her. He therefore confided in me, and we began to pass in review the different princesses likely to suit him.

'That I may never repent of my choice' said the King to me, 'and escape from the greatest of misfortunes—that of having a wife badly made in mind and body—I must have seven things which will be difficult to find in one person: the woman I marry must be beautiful, wise, sweet-tempered, witty, prolific, rich, and of royal lineage.'

All this ended, however, in his marrying Marie de Medicis, niece of the Duke of Tuscany, who was neither beautiful nor of very great descent.

The future Queen arrived at Lyons, after leaving Livorno with an escort of seventeen galleys. Her Majesty was at supper when Henry entered the apartment incognito, wishing to see her without her knowledge. The queen, perceiving that something had happened from the appearance of the people around her, retired to her room. The King followed immediately, and at his entrance Marie de Medicis threw herself at his feet. Henry raised her, kissed her, and after conversing with her for about half an hour went to his supper, and soon returned to the Queen.

Some time afterwards, Marie de Medicis made her entry into Paris; it was a magnificent pageant. The next day the King brought Her Majesty and the Court to dine at my house. All the Italian ladies she had brought with her, much liking the *vin d'Arbois*, drank more of it than was necessary, and began to be excessively lively. I had some

excellent white wine, as clear as crystal. I caused ewers to be filled up with it, and when they were asking for water to mix with their Burgundy, it was the wine that was presented to them. The King, seeing them all in such good spirits, doubted not I had played them a trick.

From this time the life of Henri-le-Grand, spent hitherto in the tumult of arms, was that of a pacific king, and of a father of a family. As for myself, I did all in my power to reform all the financial abuses of past years, and tried my best to enrich the King without impoverishing his subjects, to pay his debts, repair his palaces, and perfect the art of fortifying towns, even more than that of attacking them, defending them, and making provisions of arms and ammunition.

Queen Elizabeth, having heard that Henry was at Calais, thought it a very good opportunity of seeing her best friend. Henry did not wish it less than she did, owing to his desire that they should confer together about the political affairs of Christendom; however, Henry was persuaded not to go, and I undertook the journey incognito, feeling sure, however, that the Queen would be certain to hear of it; and I was not mistaken. The captain of her guards came immediately to me, having received orders to bring me immediately into Her Majesty's presence.

'What, M. de Rosny,' said the Princess; 'is it thus that you break our hedges and pass without coming to see me? I am very much astonished, for I have seen that you are more affectionate to me than any of my gentlemen. I do not remember having given you cause to change towards me.'

I replied that I should endeavour to answer her in a manner worthy of so graceful a welcome, after which I went on without affectation to speak to Elizabeth of the friendly feelings the King entertained for her.

The agitation of mind caused by the conspiracy of the Marshal de Biron—which I was falsely charged with being implicated in by some of my enemies, although the King very soon became perfectly convinced of my innocence—did not prevent people from giving themselves up to pleasures and pageants. For the amusement of the Queen a magnificent ballet was given. The Palace of the Arsenal, where I lived, was chosen for it, on account of its spacious apartments. Great rejoicings took place on account of the birth of an heir to the throne, and Henry IV. had shown his happiness to me by demonstrations of everlasting friendship.

Henry became so seriously ill at one time that he sent for me to make the necessary arrangements about the succession. On entering the King's room I found him in bed. The Queen, seated at the bedside, held one of his hands in hers; he held the other to me, and said:

'Come and kiss me, my friend; I am marvellously pleased to see you,' and then turning to the Queen he added: 'Here is one of my servants

who takes the greatest care of the affairs of the kingdom, and who, in case of my demise, would serve you and my children better than any one else.'

Luckily for France the good King soon recovered, and I was sent as Ambassador to England. James I. had just succeeded Elizabeth, and on my arrival at Canterbury I was received by Lord Sidney, who had come to compliment me for his royal master. Several weeks afterwards I presented my credentials to the King. The Court was then at Greenwich; it was more than a quarter of an hour before I could reach His Majesty's throne, but as soon as the King perceived me he came down two steps and spoke to me in the kindest manner, and when his eulogium of myself was over I answered, not by a speech such as might be expected from court pedants, but by a simple compliment which implied much, and was far more in harmony with my rank. I continued complimenting His Majesty in a manner which seemed to please him greatly, and after talking politics James led the conversation to hunting, adding [he heard what a sportsman I was, and he fancied that I even surpassed my royal master.

James was desirous of entering into an alliance with France against Spain, notwithstanding Cecil's displeasure at it. When I took leave of His Majesty, he said, taking my hands in his: 'Hé bien! M. l'Ambassadeur, n'êtes-vous pas bien content de moi?' I answered with a profound inclination, and kissed the King's hands; he embraced me, and begged for my friendship with a look of kindness which displeased many of the Ministers present.

After the treaty was concluded Henry wished me to return to France, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, especially since the negotiations had terminated. I took leave of His Majesty of England at Westminster; he gave me some complimentary letters for Henry and his Queen, and forced me to accept a chain of most splendid gems.

The presents I left from my master were: six magnificent horses for the King, and for the Queen one of the largest and handsomest Venetian glasses ever seen; the frame was gold covered with diamonds; to the Prince of Wales and some of the noblemen and ladies of the court an infinite number of excessively pretty presents. The reception I had from my royal master was most charming, and I began the narrative of all that had passed during my sojourn in England. I resumed my old post of Minister of Finances, and afterwards was made Governor of Poitou. In 1603 I had a long talk with Henry about the establishment of silk-weaving in France, but I vainly tried to dissuade the King from allowing it, and eventually he had his own way.

I began the year 1604, as indeed I began all others, by a duty my rank obliged me to perform—it was to present to their Majesties two purses of silver counters. I entered the royal apartments early, and found their Majesties still in bed. Besides the two purses mentioned,

I offered them gold ones on my own account, and they accepted them with pleasure. The next day I received His Majesty's portrait on a box set with diamonds, and the Queen sent my wife a perfumed diamond chain with bracelets to match.

King Henry's first great sorrow since his mother's death was that of the Duchesse de Bar, his only sister. She was an example of conjugal love. She often repeated this verse of Procopius, changing the word 'Venus' into that of 'Deus': 'Omnis amor magnus, sed operto in conjugem major, hanc Venus ut vivat ventilat ipsa facem!' All the Court went into mourning for this amiable Princess.

Henry was also much annoyed by the constant bickerings between the Queen and the Marquise de Verneuil, his mistress. The latter knew the ascendancy she had over the King, and only used it to drive him to despair, trying constantly to bring about a divorce between him and Marie de Medicis. This princess was not very amiable and excessively jealous. The greatest dissensions took place between the three, but especially between Henry and Madame de Verneuil, which ended in his boxing her ears. But the Queen did not profit by these quarrels, and instead of showing a little love to her husband, she always treated him coldly when he attempted to caress her.

I made up my mind to speak to the Queen, and dictated a letter for her to the King; he was delighted, and answered in the same strain. Unfortunately, some of the emissaries pretended that the King had returned to Madame de Verneuil, and I had to begin afresh to try and bring about another reconciliation. Had Queen Marguerite de Valois chosen, she could have inflamed these ill-feelings still further; but she was most disinterested, and behaved throughout admirably. We wrote constantly to one another, and she often expressed herself thus:

'Vous êtes toujours mon recours, et, après Dieu, l'appui sur lequel je fais le plus de fond.'

I had many enemies at Court, and Henry now and then could scarcely help believing what I was accused of, notwithstanding the proofs of devotion I had constantly given him. An explanation at last took place, all the accusing papers were carefully read by His Majesty, at the end of which he burnt them, and before all the people who were assembled to wait for the upshot of our interview he said: 'J'aime Rosny plus que jamais, et entre lui et moi, c'est à la mort.' I knew from this that the heart of Henry was always for me. Immediately afterwards he gave my eldest daughter Marguerite Béthune and her husband 10,000 crowns each.

Marguerite, to revenge herself upon her daughter, who had married Henri de Chabad against her will, produced, in 1645, a boy of fifteen, alleging him to be her son by the Duc de Rohan. It was ascertained that this young man, whose name was Tancred, had the tuft of hair of the Rohans on the top of his head.

The arrival of Queen Marguerite de Valois, and the gracious welcome given to her by the King, gave occasion to some wicked speeches amongst the people; however, no notice was taken of them. Her Majesty had been obliged to escape from the Château d'Usson—where she had lived twenty years—disguised as a peasant. Afterwards she had an hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Notwithstanding all her frailties, she was a most charming, kind, and generous woman, and one of the most accomplished of her time.

The birth of a second son to the throne of France gave much pleasure to Henry, and at that time I received great marks of friendship from His Majesty, which, however, did not prevent some new quarrels; but the services I rendered the King on the assembly of the Calvinists at La Rochelle, and for other good offices, soon re-established our friendship.

The beginning of 1608 was remarkable for its amusements. The King had some Italian actors, and it was always at the Arsenal that most of the *fêtes* took place.

The marriage of my eldest son was celebrated in the course of the year; he married Mdlle. Blanchefort de Créqui, daughter of the Prince de Poix. I had thought of making myself sincere friends by that alliance; however they only remained true to me during the time of my prosperity; they all disappeared when we were disgraced. My enemies, under pretence of zeal, thought of making me change my religion, but I solemnly refused to please the King in this. Notwithstanding this new disagreement, His Majesty offered me his legitimated daughter, Mdlle. Henriette de Vendome, by Gabrielle d'Estrées; but I refused to break with the De Créquis.

Henry, who had some intention of going to Germany, was constantly annoyed by the Queen, as she did not wish he should go before her coronation had taken place. The King consented at last to stay for it. It was the most magnificent scene ever witnessed. During that night the King and Queen had very troublesome dreams about a house falling on the King in the Rue de la Féronnerie. A few evenings afterwards, Henry sent for an astrologer named Thomassin: the latter said His Majesty must beware of the month of May, 1610, designating the day and hour when he was to be killed. The King laughed at him, and sent him away, after having set him spinning round the room several times, holding him sometimes by the hand, sometimes by the hair.

One day, dining with Schomberg, who lived with me in the greatest intimacy, a page brought him a note, which he slipped very mysteriously under the arm of Schomberg; I joked him about it, but very soon he left the room, promising to return very quickly. He did so, and told me he had just come back from Mdlle. de Gournay's house, who had heard from Jacqueline le Vayer—who had been in the service

of Mdlle. de Verneuil—that a conspiracy had been formed against the King, in which the Marquise was implicated.

Henry sent for me several days after the coronation. I was in my bath, and La Varenne, who had come to fetch me, prevented my leaving it, saying, ‘that the King would probably come himself to the Arsenal, as I was ill.’ I insisted on going to His Majesty, but La Varenne went back to the palace, and in less than half an hour returned from the King to tell me that I was not to leave the house, as he would call at the Arsenal.

In the afternoon I heard my wife (Rachel de Cothefilet) crying and exclaiming, ‘Oh my God! all is lost; France is destroyed.’ I rushed out of my apartment, and I heard on all sides, ‘The King has been dangerously wounded.’ Ravailiac, who had heard the King asking for his carriage, had said between his teeth, ‘Je te tiens, tu es perdu.’ M. de Vitry offered to accompany His Majesty, but he refused him, as well as the attendance of his guard; however, six noblemen entered the carriage, and strange to say, none of them saw the murder perpetrated.

I ran like a madman to the Louvre, where M. de Belancourt said to me, ‘He is dead.’ Many people were persuaded that the Cominis had had a share in the death of the King.

Ravailiac was born at Angoulême, where he was schoolmaster; he was only thirty-two. His punishment was terrible. He was *tenaillé* to the arms and legs, &c., and his wounds were sprinkled with melted lead, oil, and boiling rosin, and at last torn asunder by four horses; his limbs were consumed by fire, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

Henry was much beloved by his people, he was full of liveliness, and very fond of joking. One day he met a woman leading a cow, and asked her how much she wanted for it. Having answered His Majesty on the point, he said, ‘Ventre St. Gris! it is not worth it; I will give you so much for it.’

‘I can see,’ replied the woman, ‘that you are not a cow merchant.’

‘And why not, gossip?’ said the King, who was accompanied by a large number of noblemen; ‘see you not all the calves that are following me?’

Another time a great eater was presented to him. ‘Ventre St. Gris,’ said he, ‘if I had six men like you in my kingdom, I would cause them to be hanged; such rogues would soon famish it.’

It is reported that one day he boasted to the Spanish Ambassador that he would breakfast at Milan, hear Mass at Rome, and dine at Naples. The Ambassador replied, ‘Sire, if your Majesty goes so quickly, he will probably be in time to hear Vespers in Sicily.’

‘I ask,’ said this prince, ‘three things of God every day: that He may be pleased to forgive my enemies; to give me the victory over my passions; and lastly, that I may make good use of the authority that has been given me over my subjects.’

No words could depict my sorrow at the death of so dear a master, and I may say of so good a friend; I was heartbroken with misery, and I never can forget the horror that his murder caused me.

The Queen sent a message to me, calling on me immediately to repair to the Louvre, begging me at the same time to bring only a few others with me. This appeared ominous to me, and I sent word to Her Majesty that I could not entirely comply with her request; but immediately afterwards, MM. de Montbazon, de Praslin, and de Schomberg, as well as my brother, were deputed to visit me. I waited, however, till the next day, and at last appeared before Her Majesty, who seemed so much moved that for some time neither of us could speak. The young King was brought to me, and kissed me over and over again.

'My son,' said the Queen, 'you must love M. de Sully very much, for he was the best servant of your father, and I trust he will serve us as well.'

A reception marked with so much distinction and confidence baffled for the time being the plots against me.

In 1611, my enemies were so numerous that I was forced to take steps in order to save myself from disgrace. I wrote to the Regent to justify my conduct: Her Majesty answered graciously, and the King granted me a munificent pension. The Queen-Mother addressed me always in her letters as 'My cousin,' and signed herself 'Your good cousin, Marie.'

The Duc de Sully died December 22, 1641. The Duchesse de Sully had a magnificent white marble statue erected in remembrance of her husband.

Villebon, of all the princely dwellings of the Sullys, was the favourite residence of Rosny. The life he led there was one of decency, grandeur, and even state, such as one would expect from a character so grave and serious as his. Besides a great number of equerries, noblemen, and pages who served him, and of ladies and 'demoiselles d'honneur' attached to the person of the Duchesse, he had a company of guards with their officers, another of Swiss, and a very large number of servants. It was said by the surgeon attached to the house that he had often counted eighty people in bed, and that the service of the house was in no way hindered by it.

The Duc de Sully was a very early riser, and after having said his prayers and read some religious book, he worked with his four secretaries. When he went out for half an hour or so before dinner, a great bell was rung, which was on the bridge, to give warning of his going out. Most of his people then went to his apartment and lined the foot of the stairs. His equerries, 'gentilshommes' and officers led the way, preceded by two Swiss halberdiers. Generally he spoke to some of his relations or friends, then followed his guards.

On entering the dining-room—which was a vast apartment, where the most memorable actions of his life and that of Henry were represented—he sat down to dinner.

The table was very long, and at the top there were two arm-chairs for him and the Duchesse. All his children, married or unmarried, and of whatever rank or birth, even the Duchesse de Rohan, had only stools or folding chairs; for in those days the subordination of children to parents was so great that they neither sat nor had their heads covered in their presence, except after having received orders to do so.

His table was served with great magnificence. The lords and ladies of the neighbourhood were alone admitted, with a few of his 'gentilshommes' and the ladies and 'filles d'honneur' of the Duchesse de Sully.

Except in the case of company, all rose and left the table at dessert. The meal ended, all went to a small *salon* called the 'Salon des Illustres,' because it was ornamented with the portraits of the popes, kings, princes, and other distinguished or celebrated people, which had been offered by them to Sully.

In another dining-room, beautifully and richly furnished, there was a second table, very nearly as well served as the first. When young people were invited with their parents, they dined at the second table, the Duc saying always: 'Vous êtes trop jeunes pour que nous mangions ensemble, et nous nous ennuerions les uns les autres.'

When he had spent some time with his guests, he went back to his room to work. If the weather were fine, he took a walk in the afternoon, followed by the same suite as in the morning, and after taking a few turns in the gardens, he separated himself from the company, and escaping through magnificent avenues of lime-trees, he sat down to think, or admire the splendid panorama that lay stretched before him. Supper passed off like dinner, and then all retired to their respective apartments.

The Duc de Sully would never change the fashion of his clothes. One day, the King having sent for him, the Duc perceived that all the young courtiers—to please the 'Connétable' de Luynes—laughed at Sully, and he said to Louis XIII: 'Sire, quand le feu roi votre père, de glorieuse mémoire, me faisait l'honneur de m'appeler auprès de sa personne, pour s'entretenir avec moi sur ses grandes et importantes affaires, il faisait sortir les bouffons.' The King at once gave orders for every one of them to leave the room.

Subordination, order, and peace reigned among his numerous people. He never made any difference between the Catholics and the Calvinists who served him, except by his being anxious that the former should be exact in attending to their religious duties. Except the Duchess de Rohan, all his children died in the Roman Catholic faith.

IN SEPTEMBER.

WHERE lurk the merry elves of autumn now,
In this bright breezy month of equinox ?
Among tanned bracken on the mountain's brow ?
Or deep in heather tufted round white rocks
On a wild moor, where heathbells wither slow,
Twined with late-blooming furze—a home of grouse ?
By river alders ? Or on stubbly plains ?
Bound not their kingdom so :
They follow Beauty's train—of all her house
Gay pensioners till not one leaf remains.

The splendour of the year is not yet dead :
After cold showers the sun shines hotly still
To dry the grass and kiss the trembling head
Of each wind-shaken harebell on the hill.
Then joys the eye to ramble far and wide
Through all the fleecy circles of the sky ;
Broad silverous beams fair slant from southern clouds,
Where sunlight seems to hide ;
A rainbow spans the vale's blue mystery,
Whence routed mists troop gloomily, crowds on crowds.

Heaven hath its symphonies ! What tones combine
To swell the cadenced chords of luminous gray
That change upon the abysmal hyaline,
Whose glimpses sweet throb to the azure play
Of an ethereal melody—tender as eyes
That shine through tears of unrequited love—
Pure as the petals of forget-me-nots !
Such unheard harmonies,
The deaf ears of Beethoven smote from above
Through vision—filled with heaven his inky blots.

As Ceres when she sought her Proserpine
Slow moved, majestically sad—a wreath
Of funeral flowers above those eyes divine—
The widowed year draws ripely to its death.

The moist air swoons in stillèd sultriness
Between the gales ; save when a boding sigh
Shivers the crisp and many-hued tree-tops,
Or a low breeze's stress
Wakes the sere whispers of fallen leaves that lie
Breathing a dying odour through the copse.

A few pale flowers of summer linger late
For languid butterflies, wind-tost, that leave
Their garden asters, tempted to their fate
By the wild bees ; stray blooms of woodbine grieve
On their close-twisted stems in brambly dells—
Haunt of the cottage-children's much delight
On sunny afternoons ; by hedge and stream
Tremble the delicate bells
Of bindweed, bridelike with its wreath of white
Moving things withering of new springs to dream.

Soon the last field is gleaned, safe harvested
The tardiest-ripening grain, and all the dale
Made glad with far-seen stacks ; barn floors are spread
With golden sheaves, sport of the clanging flail ;
In sunny orchards the mossed apple-trees
Bend with their ruddy load, and wasp-gnawn pears
Tumble at every gust ; the berried lanes
Blush with their bright increase ;
Brown acorns rustle down ; and in their lairs
Neat-handed squirrels hoard their daintiest gains.

So the month wanes, till the new-risen moon
Shines on chill torpor of white mist, stretched o'er
Low-lying pastures—like a weird lagoon
In a dim land of ghosts ; and evermore
Through the sad wood the wind sighs wailfully,
And great owls hoot from boughs left desolate
When first the morn finds skeleton leaves made fair
With frosted tracery.
And then must all things frail yield to their fate—
October strikes the chord of their despair !

AUREOLUS PARACELSUS.

THE LONDON NEEDLEWOMAN.

WHEN years have passed over our heads, and we are wearily enduring the fading brightness of present enjoyments, how vividly there flashes upon our memory the recollection of a thrill of our youth, compared with which our enjoyment of to-day is pale and ineffectual. Who that remembers the days of the anti-Corn Law League agitation can ever forget his first perusal of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt'? Written for a twofold purpose, it was as effectual in the one aim as in the other. The injustice of unnaturally raising the price of corn; the oppression caused by the maintenance of dear bread in the interests of a class; are powerfully effective; while the hideousness of the suffering of the poor, prostrate, weary, unknown sempstress sunk deep into every heart.

At that time it was not uncommon to read in the police reports of a wretched widow sent to prison for pawning shirts or trousers given out to her to make, at a rate of pay, which, from the irregularity of the work, would average from eighteenpence to two shillings per week. The case was read, we pitied the victim, sighed over the system, and still went our way as before. But when the humorist who had so often charmed us with his 'exquisite wit,' sung with the simple pathos of a true man,

Good God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap—

he put a stamp upon the hideous cruelties that were practised; he enlisted every heart in the cause of humanity; and from the appearance of his beautiful poem may be dated much of that amelioration in the condition of woman in this country which has advanced with increasing effectiveness to the present day.

It is not easy to realise the extraordinary change which has been produced within the last few years in the condition of the needlewomen in the metropolis, and a more interesting subject hardly exists than a comparison of Hood's sempstress with the needlewoman of the year of grace 1871.

None but those who have actually seen the condition of the sewer of shirts, of collars, of cloaks, of soldiers' clothes, can fully appreciate the amelioration of to-day. In a squalid court leading nowhere,

every house of the twenty the habitation of many families, all engaged in needlework, might have been seen, ragged and filthy, at least a hundred children under six years of age playing in the gutter which did the duty of a conduit in carrying off, slowly enough, the refuse of every house, powerfully suggestive of cholera and typhus. We might enter a house at random, ascend a narrow dark broken staircase, and finally reach a workroom, in which we could stand upright only in the centre. In such a room have been found eleven women working, having just seventy-five cubic feet of air each, breathing over and over again an atmosphere drained of its life-sustaining particles, and becoming hourly less and less fit to work. A felon is entitled to six hundred cubic feet, if not to more; the nightly guest in a common lodging-house to six hundred feet also. What, then, must have been the condition of these eleven white slaves? In summer the windows might be opened, but this was always objected to as causing draughts. In winter there was no ventilation, and the atmosphere was at all times stifling and unhealthy. Here worked those eleven girls and women; some of the girls being apprentices and bound for a specified number of years; working fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and eighteen hours a day. As a woman recently said to us, 'We used to begin at four in the morning, and work until ten and eleven at night for weeks together.'

Who could wonder that here was no sign of health, that every eye was weary, every cheek colourless except when tinted with a hectic flush, or that the ear was pained by that fatal husky cough!

Who amongst the throng of well-dressed men in any of the fashionable places of resort, imagined that that superbly fitting coat and faultless trousers had only that morning left an abode such as we have described, and that, the night before, this coat and trousers had fulfilled the place of blanket and counterpane, upon a wretched bed of flock or shavings, spread upon a floor, thick with the incrustations of years from crumbs, and splashings, and from the constant smoking and chewing of tobacco.

This is not overcharged; types of similar misery may still be seen here and there, but in a much less degree, for the whole system has been broken into, and happily will soon be a thing of the past.

The work here described was that which was done in the house of a middleman, who found room, fire, light, thread, and trimmings, and the workers had nothing to do but stitch, and were paid according to the work done. The middleman possibly did not take the work direct from the merchant or tailor, but obtained it from a contractor; so that, although in the first instance a fair price was given, yet the actual sum for labour was only a portion of the original price, a heavy profit being deducted by each middleman.

But the work was more severe when done at home by Hood's poor sempstress. She had to find her own fire, light, thread, &c., and the allowance for these never approached the requisite outlay.

Working under these conditions, let us consider what the earnings of these over-worked creatures were.

Hood's poor sempstress, working at home upon shirts and shirt collars, could earn, when working constantly from 4 A.M. to 9 P.M. and 10 P.M., from three shillings to seven shillings per week, according to the quality and quantity of work done.

A cloak and mantle maker, working direct for a manufacturer, doing all the work at home, and being a quick hand, could earn from eight shillings to ten shillings per week. The best hands never reached more than twelve shillings per week.

In tailoring and making soldiers' clothes, a woman, working the above hours, could earn as much as eighteen shillings per week; but there were many who could never get beyond five shillings and sixpence.

Let us recapitulate: from three shillings to seven shillings, eight shillings to ten shillings, five shillings and sixpence to eighteen shillings.

Working hours; from 4 A.M. to 9 P.M. or 10 P.M., or sixteen hours per day.

What is the contrast of the next twenty or thirty years?

Let us first of all go to one of the great clothing establishments of the country—the Royal Clothing Factory at Pimlico—and see what the girls and women are doing there.

Firstly we find a large, lofty, well-managed workroom—warmth, lighting, ventilation under command—in which five hundred women are at work, each having upwards of 1,300 cubic feet of air.

Next we find them working from 8.30 A.M. to 7 P.M.—a little more than half the time they worked when under a middleman.

Then we find them receiving the whole price of their labour without any deduction. For instance, a woman can make one tunic a day, and for this she receives three shillings and twopence. She can make, according to ability and diligence, from one and a half to four pairs of trousers per day, and receives one shilling per pair.

It is not within our province here to speak of this establishment, except as we have done as illustrating the changes that have been wrought in woman's work; but we cannot refrain from repeating what was said to us by a most enterprising and successful manufacturer, speaking of it as a manufacturing establishment: 'The Pimlico Clothing Factory is a hundred years in advance of any factory I know.'

From this admirable establishment we will go to a maker of mantles and paletots both for the home trade and for exportation. Here materials of all kinds are used—cloth, silk, and velvet—and mantles are made from the plainest to the most lavishly ornamented.

Wages here vary from seventeen shillings to thirty shillings per week; upon special occasions, and when engaged upon the best kind of

goods, some women, working within factory hours—i.e. sixty per week—have earned as much as fifty-five shillings per week.

Under the old system, twenty years ago, this gentleman never had any woman who could earn, except as a forewoman, more than twelve shillings per week.

But the work which remunerates the manufacturer satisfactorily, and is most sought for by the workwomen, is that of children's woollen paletots, for the making of which tenpence per dozen is given. The work is simple, straightforward, and easily got through, and five and six dozen can be made weekly without exertion, being at the rate of thirty shillings per week.

A manufacturer who employs in all above 500 women and girls in shirt-collar making, and who spares no pains or money in adopting the best machinery he can procure, never paid in former days more than ten shillings per week, while latterly he has paid 'hundreds and hundreds of women twenty shillings per week.'

An army clothier at the East-end makes a precisely similar comparison. He said to us, 'I used to pay ten shillings per week for sixteen hours a day; I now pay twenty shillings for sixty hours a week.'

As a last illustration of an occupation which now, as formerly, is carried on in the houses of the needlewomen, the makers of shirt-collars, working sixty hours per week, are earning from twelve shillings to twenty-eight shillings per week.

The comparison, therefore, stands thus:

Increase of earnings in shirt-collar making: fourfold.

Increase in mantle-making: between two and threefold.

Increase in soldier's clothes: twofold.

Hours of work for increased earnings, sixty hours per week: against ninety-six hours for half and one-third of present earnings.

One of the instruments, if not the main instrument, by which this extraordinary change has been brought about, has been the sewing-machine. It was first brought to notice in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and is the most remarkable in its results of the many admirable ideas developed from the germ first sown in Hyde Park.

Itself a machine for supplying at a cheap rate the place of human labour, its history also illustrates the axiom, that machinery cheapens labour.

When first brought into use, the price of what is called a Lancashire machine was thirty-four pounds. The present price of the same machine, wholesale, is four pounds ten shillings. Now this diminution in price is not in consequence of the manufacturer or merchant having reduced their price or charges, but simply the effect of a demand for the article.

At first, when made by tens, each part was manufactured separately by hand, and the cost for labour and time was proportionate. Now that the demand is for thousands, each part is cast in thousands, of a form and finish ready to be fitted, and the heavy cost of labour is reduced to

nearly one-sixth; and yet more men are employed in its manufacture than formerly.

We have been informed that a machine has just been perfected, capable of making the different kinds of stitches, which will be sold for fifty shillings.

The old fallacy of the unfortunate effects of the introduction of machinery upon the price of labour has in no instance been shown so abundantly as in the case of the sewing-machine.

Its first effect was to cheapen production; cheaper production means increased consumption; increased consumption means the employment of additional labour and outlay in manufacture; and thus we arrive at higher wages in the end.

This may not be effected in a day, but it has arrived to needlewomen in a very much shorter time than could have been anticipated.

Let us note some of the changes that have followed the invention of the sewing-machine.

First and foremost there is the lightening the labour of the needlewoman; she is never now taxed beyond her strength.

Even though there had been no improvement in the sanitary condition of workrooms, a reduction of the time by one-third of working in close and unhealthy rooms must lessen very considerably the ill-effects of want of ventilation, especially as the one-third of the time that has been saved from the workshop is that which used to be spent under the glare and in the heated and impure atmosphere of gas.

Again, the ease with which in some cases the same amount of wages can be earned, and in other cases double the old earnings can be gained, is by most considered the great gain.

Then there is a change, the commencement of which has taken place, viz. the breaking up of the middleman or contract system, and this is really an element of the greatest value to the female worker.

Employers are beginning to perceive that in carrying on a large trade in which the manufacture of any article is a principal ingredient, it is necessary to adopt the factory system—i.e. the system of congregated labour under personal supervision.

The use of the sewing-machine, and indeed of any manufacturing machine, facilitates such an arrangement in every way; and nothing is of greater advantage to the operative classes than employment in a factory, as now regulated, compared with working for middlemen, and in trades which are necessarily dirty, compared with home employment.

To digress for a moment. In the Eastern counties the system of manufacture in many articles has been until recently that of the employment of hand labour—a system allowing little scope for development by the employer, and stagnating the hands. But machinery is being at last introduced, and it must be extended much further.

In one industry it has already caused great changes. The

weaver of horse-hair seating, who formerly required a child to place the horse-hairs between the warps of the fabric, for which purpose he always selected the cheapest labour—that is, the youngest child whom he could procure—has been compelled, through the influence of the Factory Act in preventing the employment of such little children, to adopt a mechanical contrivance for doing this very work; and their fetters have been struck from these little slaves.

Another hand-labour industry is that of the straw-plait. How rarely is a thought bestowed upon the little mite, not three years old, who with lagging and swollen fingers, sat for hours under the eye and cane of a hard taskmistress, weary and in pain with plaiting that endless ribbon of straw. Surely and certainly, if straw hats are to be reasonable in price, machinery must be adapted to plait the straw: and another Howe (the inventor of the sewing-machine) will discover some subtle movement of a steel needle or spindle to turn and plait the sorted straws. This infant is to be restored to the fresh air and needful muscular exercise; for the inexorable rule of the Factory Act no longer permits this gross abuse of parental authority, this unnatural indulgence of paternal greed.

But to return to the sewing-machine and its effects upon labour. It has been a great power in uprooting the middleman system. First, in the facilities it has afforded to employers to adopt the factory system, and to have their work done under their own supervision; and next, in enabling needlewomen to work at home, and take work direct from the merchant or tailor; as a woman having a sewing-machine can take twice as much work as she could have taken home formerly; and when she is married and has children, she can, besides attending to her home duties, add a by no means inconsiderable sum to the weekly income.

The following incident will show the importance it is to a needlewoman to obtain work direct from the clothier or tailor.

A contractor engaged to supply a large number of military frocks. He underlet his contract to various East-end tailors at 3*s.* 4*d.* per frock for the making only, every requisite, as buttons, lining, thread, braid, &c., being supplied by the contractor; the tailors having the sub-contract were offering sempstresses 1*s.* 10*d.* per frock. A frock would take a sempstress two days: thus if they could have dealt direct with the contractor they would have been able to earn 10*s.* per week—all being hand work; but as the work was only to be obtained through a middleman, their earnings would only have been 5*s.* 6*d.*

As another element in the effects of this particular kind of machinery we have to note the great demand for female labour. Wages are advancing almost monthly, yet sufficient hands are obtained with difficulty. A mantle-maker said that when he used to advertise he never had fewer than from sixty to seventy applications; now he never has ten. And a shirt-collar maker, speaking of the whole trade in the

metropolis, says that the number of women have increased from twenty to thirty fold.

But to realise more fully the harvest that the sempstresses and tailoresses of the metropolis have reaped of late years, we must still take into account the enormously increased comforts which their earnings have enabled them to enjoy. Rents may be dearer, but almost everything else consumed has been cheaper; and where not actually cheaper, it has been relatively so to them, because their greater earnings have enabled them to obtain that which was beyond their reach before. Then their fingers are not worn to the bone with stitching; every hour of the day is not spent with bended body over the work-table, but they have time for recreation, exercise, and improvement.

And not only our poor sempstresses, but everyone of us has been an actual and personal gainer, not in this country only, but in every part of the world. All articles of clothing are produced in quantities, and can be obtained at prices which would not have been dreamt of in former years. We all know this from our everyday experience, but possibly some are not aware in what abundance and to what degree of cheapness clothes are produced. In one article of dress alone, that of linen shirt-collars, we have reason for knowing that the number produced in London has increased one-hundred fold within the last few years. Then as to the economy of production, we have before spoken of children's woollen cloth paletots, the making of which was well paid at tenpence per dozen. These paletots are sold wholesale at 6s. 9d. per dozen; the price to the retail purchaser being probably 1s. 6d. each; these are good, well made, serviceable articles of clothing, the very things to keep children warm, and to cover them with respectability.

It may be remarked, 'when these coats have been worn there would be an end of them.' 'By no means,' would be the reply, 'a Yorkshire manufacturer will buy bales of such as these;' and, in the words of our informant, 'I was told by such a manufacturer that he manured a field with the rags, took off two crops of potatoes, then raked the rags from the field, washed them, and manufactured them again into cloth.' Surely the man who can thus utilise waste, who can transform what is apparently refuse into good sound raw material, and then into a serviceable fabric, deserves well of his countrymen.

We have confined our observations to the present earnings of the needlewomen of the metropolis, but it will be found throughout the country that the employment of women has increased so enormously that they are almost daily finding their way to fresh occupation; and consequently the value of their labour is higher than ever it was. It is even not without hesitation that one can accept statements of what women and girls can and do earn. In a cotton-weaving factory, many women earn at the loom—i.e. when minding four looms—as much as

20s. a week; and only to-day, as we write this, we are told of a girl, a child alleged to be 13 years, but whose appearance justified a doubt of her being so old, earning in a factory no less than one guinea per week, knitting those zephyr-like mufflers worn by ladies which are called 'Canadian Clouds.' We could go through employment after employment, and point to the same unerring improvement of position. We know of no important manufacture in which the labour of woman, when suitable, does not come into competition with that of man. We say important manufacture, because there are some employments ruled by societies, in which female labour is not permitted by the regulations. As a rule man's manual labour is more valuable than that of women. He can get through more, and generally he does it better. A woman could not stand at a rolling-mill and roll iron rails; she could not do the work. But she can stand at a loom or a spinning-mule, and do the work as well as a man, and she is sought for, for that occupation. It is true that her wages are less than those of a man, that they are upon a lower scale. This is the result of a fair and equitable law. Her wants are fewer, her cost of living smaller than those of a man, and when married she is absolutely exempt from legal claims caused by her own want of economy, her waste or extravagance. This position of woman in the labour market—competing with, and in many instances superior to man—has been reached, not by efforts of her own, not by her agitating that she had a right to do the labour of a man, but it is due to the determination of man that, when working, she should not be overtaxed; that while he, from the nature of his frame, must earn his living by the sweat of his brow, she should only be employed upon such labour as was fit for her; and he has seen ungrudgingly and cheerfully that in many employments her labour was more suitable than his, and that she could earn as much as he.

The first great step towards the amelioration of the condition of women was the Factory Act of 1833. Its beneficial regulations were originally restricted to textile factories, but latterly every field of labour has been covered; shirt-makers, tailoresses, milliners, dress-makers, artificial-flower makers—sempstresses even—are all equally protected. Coincident with this legislative progression, which first restricted the hours of labour to twelve, then to ten, with a weekly half-holiday, and eight annual half-holidays in addition, by which the strain upon the physical frame has been diminished, sprang into life that adaptation of machinery to perform the work of the hand which, as illustrated in the case of the sewing-machine, has caused the multiplication of well-paid female labour from twenty to thirty fold.

Looking to the physical and social condition of a large section of the female operative class, it must be admitted that the amelioration and the increased comforts enjoyed are almost immeasurable. But there are yet problems to be solved. Female education in middle-class and superior schools is one; and, as was said by a manufacturer, speaking

of the condition of the class of women below the decent sempstress, much had yet to be done there, when, to use his expressive words, 'We should tap the lower stratum of the labour market in the metropolis.'

Here are two subjects, at least, in which the overflow of woman's influence could be used usefully and patriotically exerted. We say the overflow of woman's influence, because her first influence is exercised and felt at home.

Nature always intended woman to do some work; she was to be a helpmeet for man. From the earliest ages she had her duties and her labour to perform; but always those of the household, or, as we delight to call it, 'home.' Even Penelope, Queen though she were, is described to us, in her usual and proper occupation with her attendant maidens, weaving for the household. Let woman, therefore, first set her home to rights; and there are not many women who find this a light occupation. In whatever station she may be, she will find, under her hands almost, that kind of work which woman can do so much better than men. Her quiet, gentle disposition can soothe the angry word, can lead those who stray, and bend the stubborn, when man fails in all. No child ever forgets the lesson learnt at the mother's knee; no precept is so engraven in the heart as the anxious pleading of a mother's heart; no influence is so effective as the persuasive tone, the earnest example, or even the simply sensible remarks of a woman.

In whatever station of life a woman is, these duties seem to us to be paramount. We have seen her in the cottage, the hard-working wife of an artizan or labourer, and to make her home acceptable is almost occupation enough. Yet what effect has not the example of an industrious wife, practising the precepts she recommends, and how valuable is her influence among her neighbours.

If we go to the homes of the middle class and employers of labour, we can here also trace the influence of woman's tact and intelligence in the improved tastes, in the diminished wants, and in the regulated habits of their own immediate dependents. As we go to the higher and wealthier homes, we see extended fields of usefulness, and the signs are unmistakable where woman's guiding influence has been exercised.

There are many and bright examples, which can be called to mind instantly, of women having time to spare, and those having wealth at their command, who have placed their mark upon their work, labouring earnestly and effectually in a field which has yielded to them a fruitful harvest. We have seen the wife of the lord of hundreds of acres exercising almost patriarchal authority over dependents; ever ready to advise; discriminating between the deserving and the clamorous; not backward when necessary to reprehend; thoughtful for the wants of the poor; a kind mistress, ruling her household

with discretion and judgment, and influencing for the highest purposes the course of life and the happiness of all living within her reach.

In another direction, the wife of a lord of thousands of spindles and hundreds of looms has even greater opportunities of illustrating the wondrous effects of woman's magic influence. We have seen her living in the village, the offspring of the factory; the counsellor, guide, and friend of all the busy bees of the hive, in sickness or in health. The factory half-timer, with shining sunny face, does not creep like a snail, unwilling to school but bounding with health and contentment. The factory itself is filled with robust operatives, well favoured and well clothed. The machinery is bright and polished, the floors clean with whitewash, and around the machinery is whitened a fanciful pattern, after the fashion of a carpet, with which the not unpleasing coquetry of the female carders or spinners has adorned their place of daily work. We have known all this to be the result of the unostentatious influence of woman's true heart and genial influence. We have even, in these circumstances, seen the lion and the lamb lie down together; we have seen, on the occasion of an annual sermon for the national schools, the church crowded with Dissenters; and the chapel, when the collection is made for its schools, crowded with members of the Church.

We would draw one conclusion. We would see woman using her own irresistible influence in her own and natural way, instead of ignoring her true attributes, and endeavouring to sway opinion by abstract reasoning and rhetoric.

It is Aristotle who, in his old-world philosophy, speaking of the mental powers of woman in relation to public life, says that woman's reasoning powers are limited. We should have hesitated to repeat this were it not for the respectability of the venerable authority; but, we have unbounded faith in her possession of attributes to which man can never attain, in her power of influencing the world for good in directions difficult for man to reach, in her tender yet warm sympathies, full of the true spirit of humanity, the very embodiment of pure Christian principles.

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

BY COMPTON READE.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER MOVE ON THE BOARD.

To get settled in Lingeville lodgings with all their surroundings of greasy discomfort and shameless extortion was a work of days. Upon this followed a more agreeable occupation, viz. patronage of the local shopkeepery; for Adine, whose simple raiment sufficed to command admiration in Mudflat, speedily discovered the necessity of rehabilitation, in order to rise to the just requirements of a fashionable watering-place. Pecunious be the pockets of him whose wife or daughter enters the wily portals of drapery in that centre of display, more especially during the whirl of the season. The brisker the trade, the higher the prices. The wage of one hundred labourers for a whole year shall be dissipated by one pair of fair hands in an afternoon, and there shall be nothing much to show after all. Poor labour!

In such utilitarian pursuits nearly a fortnight out of the precious thirty-one days slipped away; each sunset bringing Mr. Lovett's engagements to the bank and Mr. Bulps more and more terribly close. Yet Coldhole advowson remained a drug in the market, and, whilst under the benign sunshine of Lingeville ready money kept dissolving, there appeared no friendly opening whereby a poor waif-parson might extemporise bread-winning.

At last, however, in answer to a chance advertisement, a certain Mr. Brown wrote to state that, subject to approval of Coldhole after inspection, he felt disposed to offer as much as seven thousand pounds. He did not object to Essex marshes. Good interest on capital he considered of paramount importance. In that respect Mr. Blackley's benefice seemed to offer unique advantages.

At once their heaviness was turned into joy. In the periphrastic diction of a weak candour Mr. Brown was informed that his letter was only too satisfactory. Should this sale be effected, then the gordian knot was severed. The bank could be satisfied, and a permanent mortgage on St. Mary's Chapel would both wipe off all scores and enable Mr. Lovett to mount the pulpit of that celebrated temple of

well-dressed orthodoxy. A telegram forthwith was despatched to Horace Blackley, who, with his wife, had returned to Coldhole in order to arrange the details necessary to transmigration.

As for Mr. Brown, meaning business, he acted with considerable promptitude. He went down to Coldhole immediately on receipt of Mr. Lovett's reply, and marched note-book in hand to the rectory, intending to jot down its various details, architectural and internal. A surly domestic answered the door. Mr. Blackley was not at home. No. He couldn't see the house, nor the church neither. Perhaps he was mistook; this was a private dwelling, not an exhibition.

Surprised and indignant, Mr. Brown took into his counsel the village publican, who avowed himself 'main sure as parson was within doers. What sort of a man was Mr. Blackley? Well, a rum 'un. Plaguy okkard, and brutal stingy. He'd just step up to the rectory back doer, and ax a question or so.' This in return for the sum of two shillings and sixpence.

The upshot of this amateur detective art proved to be the ugly discovery that Horace Blackley had put a lie into his servant's mouth. He *was* at home. Mr. Brown, placing his own interpretation on this conduct returned to town, and abruptly closed the negotiation, assigning, however, to Mr. Lovett the real reason for so doing; and, by way of sting, adding that from impressions imperfectly formed of Coldhole, he should certainly under other circumstances have bought the living.

Mr. Lovett, thus baffled and driven to bay, wrote Mr. Brown a full explanation of his own precarious position. Whereafter Mr. Brown, though with obvious reluctance, reopened negotiation, the entire correspondence occupying a full week, and thereby bringing the date of the bills due to within a few days of maturity.

The poor souls began to hate garish Lingeville; to wish themselves at home again in Mudflat. Alas! however, *nescit vox missa reverti*. The die was cast.

At last Mr. Brown fixed a meeting in London, requesting somewhat peremptorily that the vendors would bring matters to an issue; for in the interim—Mr. Blackley having returned to Mudflat—he had again run down to Coldhole, and found its various arrangements quite equal to his expectations.

To make assurance doubly sure against a hitch Mr. Lovett telegraphed to Mr. Blackley, entreating him to attend this meeting. He asked for a return-telegram. It did not arrive; but this fact did not go for much. Mudflat was so distant from civilisation that unless Horace Blackley happened to be at home exactly when the telegraph mercury arrived, a reply was an impossibility.

'Adine,' said her husband at breakfast, 'if ever I succeed at St. Mary's, I shall hope to compensate poor Roper for his loss on our old glebe farm.'

'If ever,' sighed Adine to herself.

Fortified with this benevolent resolve, he took the train to the metropolis. Saddened by the reflections awakened by his words, she attempted in vain to digest the pages of a book, which only the night before had delighted her. Now, in her hour of great anxiety, all thoughts not of a home nature appeared irrelevant and distasteful. She closed her eyes and the book, and began to cast up the accounts of her past.

Evidently Horace Blackley had laid a trap for their unwary selves. His old notion of vendetta for her foolish girl frolic was still alive. She felt sure that her foe would triumph. Indeed had he not now the game in his own hands? And thus her poor Doré would be sacrificed. Why did she not confess to his loving ears that ugly bit of history? Had she revealed it, his manly judgment would have guarded against a snare, which she, although forewarned, had been blind to perceive. And yet she could but agree with herself that it was rather impossible to make such a confession; pride forbade it.

Having thus reviewed her past, with its train of fatal consequence, an idea obtruded itself, that it might not be impossible by working on the old love, now turned to hate, for her to influence Horace Blackley. If she understood his game, he would somehow frustrate this negotiation with Mr. Brown. Of that she had a very strong presentiment. Still this failure would signify less, if only he could be persuaded to act in a friendly spirit; and somehow, conscious of power over his heart, she fancied she could make the man do anything. True, the rôle was a difficult one to play, but in their almost desperate circumstances much appeared justifiable, which at other times would be rightly termed rank treachery to her beloved lord. She was pondering whether to open fire upon him by a letter, or whether it would be wiser to wait the course of events, and at the crisis to attempt interposition, when the slut of the establishment intruded a countenance, repulsive by nature and neglect, to announce that a gentleman below desired an audience of Mrs. Lovett.

'A gentleman!' cried she. 'Surely you are mistaken.'

'It might be a tailor or a boot-maker for the matter of that,' suggested the slut.

Mrs. Lovett was certain that she had no gentlemen acquaintances in Lingeville. 'Ah! By the way, to be sure, it might be Mr. Bulps.'

But the slut shook her head. She knew Mr. Bulps from having frequently sat under him; in fact her young man—an attractive sweep—exhibited a marked preference for that divine's ministrations, simply because there was a certain retired corner of St. Mary's gallery where lovers could imagine themselves to be in a music hall, and act accordingly, without the chance of a rebuke from the officiating clergyman.

'Who could it be?'

Adine puzzled her little brain much as she hastily arranged her dress, and otherwise put her pretty self to rights. She was convinced

that the man had called upon the wrong person, or at the wrong house, for it was but one o'clock, and indeed early dinner was actually laid. Awkward!

Curious, flustered, and ruffled, with a very bright look on her lovely countenance, Adine tripped down stairs, and was greeted by no less a person than Mr. Horace Blackley himself.

'You here!' she exclaimed, politeness absorbed in surprise.

'Why not?' he enquired.

'Didn't you get Mr. Lovett's telegram? You must have received it, surely!'

'Where was it sent?'

'To Mudflat, of course.'

'And yesterday? No, I've had no telegram. I have come from Blankton this morning. That will account for it. Pray what did Lovett telegraph for?'

'For you, Mr. Blackley. You ought to have met Mr. Brown at two o'clock to-day in the city.'

'Dear me!' said he with insulting *insouciance*. 'How very provoking. It is now after one, and London is distant between three and four hours by rail. I hope they will manage without me.'

With a woman's quick perception she caught a meaning in that callous tone of voice. It roused her spirit. Advancing towards him she laid a little hand on his arm, fixing her grand meaningful eyes on his countenance. Then she murmured in her softest tone, 'Horace Blackley, you cannot deceive *me* to-day. A month ago, when you came to Mudflat, I—I was weak—cajoled. Now I read your design plainly as if you were yourself to write it.' This attack surprised him—by its gentle force.

'I—I assure you——' he began in an apologetic tone.

'Quite so. You have been playing us false. We are fairly under your thumb, nor will your vengeance be satisfied until we are finally brought to ruin. That is to be the end of this scheme of yours. Did you lend my husband money because you desired to befriend him? Did you cozen him out of his living with a kindly motive? Do you keep him on the tenterhooks of a false hope out of pure brotherly love? No, no. And yet perhaps'—with a sigh—'I can comprehend why you should detest a rival. It is very mean, though quite intelligible; but, Horace Blackley, let me ask why should you hate poor me?'

Ravishingly sweet did 'poor me' look. Every clever woman is a born actress, if only you put her on her mettle.

She had formed a right estimate. Her eye, her voice, her presence, had lost none of their old fascination. Were she a school-girl again, again would this man have obeyed her behests. She saw him avert his head, she felt his frame quiver, as he stammered awkwardly, 'Heaven knows, Adine—Mrs. Lovett, I beg your pardon—but my fault as regards yourself has not been hatred.'

'Then why may we not be friends? Why must I stand here and address you as my worst enemy?' And she drew back from him a little, with downcast eyes.

'There is no reason,' he could but falter in reply, 'except an unworthy suspicion. Lovett no doubt has painted me a black rascal, because I won't let him have everything his own way. Not that I am going to affect any very deep affection for the man who has stood in the way of my life's happiness; but you, surely, cannot suppose that I have sinister designs against *you*! For your sake I lent him money, least of all expecting that my kindness would ever be flung back in my teeth. For your sake I rescued him from the disagreeables of a lonesome village. Lastly, for your sake I quite intend to secure him St. Mary's Chapelry—that—that is—if—if he will not thwart me, or act in opposition to my wishes.' These last words lamely enough. To lie is easy. To lie naturally an art.

Disbelieving his asseverances thoroughly, she nevertheless affected credence, and with a smile motioned him to be seated. Then she enquired, sweetly, what course he proposed to pursue in reference to St. Mary's.

Whereupon he adhered to generalities, probably from total inability to particularise his line of action. Then finding this style of vapour produced no effect on his hearer, he took refuge in self-laudation, comparing himself to a benign providence, which always acts for the good of the world in the way they least expect—a comparison suggestive to unsophisticated Adine of rank blasphemy. This brought her to the point.

'You are in command of money,' she said; 'why not yourself purchase St. Mary's, and present it to us? That was our original bargain, was it not?'

He shook his head, and at once parried the common honesty of this proposal by babbling of simony; which he averred was not only a sin, but, worse still, punishable by the law of the land.

This casuistry of his was too patent. She felt angry at the man insulting her intellect by such palpable humbug. Nevertheless native wit prompted her to play a very unpromising hand coolly, so she covered the irritation of defeat by inviting the foe to eat.

The foe was charmed. And if Adine didn't bring forth butter in a Lingeville dish, she at all even's plied him with her husband's dry sherry, which he seemed to appreciate like mother's milk. They had happened on an honest vintner, who, strange to say, sold wine. Hence this small advantage.

Under the combined influences of Bacchus and Venus, Horace Blackley could have fallen down and worshipped his goddess. She, however, kept him at a respectful distance. She had made up her mind to charm, delight, and dazzle. Nothing more. Only as he was about to leave did she give him the chance of a little foolish adoration.

He took her hand to wish her good-bye, and it did not seem as if he could release it. As an excuse he murmured such protestations of earnest desire for the welfare of her and hers, that Adine was fairly caught in her own trap, and, imagining that diplomacy had managed the enemy, was herself deceived. The Reverend Horace Blackley might be her slave, but he meant to be her master.

Thought she: He must keep his word now, *ergo*, our interests are quite safe. He is very weak.

Thought he: A little positive poverty and privation, and she will be totally disgusted with Lovett, and my willing friend. She hasn't forgotten how to use her eyes.

Of course Mr. Lovett returned from London boiling over with wrath, which was magnified into hatred, when he was apprised of what had occurred during his absence.

'Blackguard!' he exclaimed. 'Why ever did you see the man?'

'Lucky I did,' rejoined Adine, who was all complacency.

He missed the purport of her remark. 'Mr. Brown,' he cried, 'is so dissatisfied, that I fear the affair is at an end!'

'Never mind Mr. Brown,' interrupted she. 'I've arranged everything for you. Mark my words, Horace Blackley will give you St. Mary's, whether Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones purchases Coldhole.'

'Adine!' He stared in mute surprise.

'I'll make him,' she said, with a merry laugh at his look of amazement.

'What is your talisman?' he enquired.

'A woman's brain. I am my talisman.' She was too amused to perceive the strange expression on his face.

'You, dearest Adine? You?'

'Yes, you silly old boy. There, eat your supper, and go to bed. You look as pale as a ghost after your long day.'

Tired as he was, somehow his countenance showed more than fatigue. He was vexed at the turn of affairs, and disposed to brood and chafe.

'I won't believe that Blackley did not receive my telegram,' he muttered doggedly. 'He means foul play.'

'We shall see,' retorted she, rather huffed at his incredulity.

Shall the truth be confessed? This man not only felt aggrieved at this tampering with his wife, but also something like jealous of one whom he had hitherto despised. Mystery is a powerful irritant, and this sudden influence of Adine over a black-hearted enemy, coupled with a certain amount of unaccountable reserve on her part, afforded scope for all sorts of unworthy conjectures, and rankled in his breast as a positive injury.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER FAIR FACE.

WHILST Fortune was thus coquetting with the Lovetts, the capricious dame took to smiling on their protégé, Mr. Samuel Edward Ralph, with no faint lustre. Captain Hawder, astounded at progress made under his new tutor, exerted himself to obtain for him the office of tenor singer in the mixed choir of St. Bathos, a church much patronised by the Hawder family. This appointment not only afforded pocket-money in the shape of salary; it also at once brought him under the notice of a fashionable congregation, so that very shortly he was overwhelmed with pupils of the class which is content to learn little and pay much.

Popularity makes enemies. Barwyn, organist of St. Bathos, who failed to obtain employment except among fourth-rate suburban female schools, was simply enraged at the success of his new vocalist. The idea of a novice thus appropriating without so much as an effort the *crème de la crème* of the teaching within earshot of the St. Bathos' bells—and St. Bathos is extremely well-placed—aroused this man's choler. He well knew that this small revenue ought to have flowed into his own pockets, as holder of the chief musical office in that quarter of the town; and such would have been the case, but for two ugly facts: his character was too disreputable, his music most indifferent. On Sunday at the organ he was nothing if not feeble; whilst woe be to the foolish mother who left him alone in the room with a pretty daughter or a bottle of wine. It did not require a very astute physiognomist to form an estimate of the man from his eyes and his nose. The world had found him out, and he was already a musical cipher, when Ralph came unexpectedly to fascinate St. Bathos' congregation.

An organist is invested with considerable powers of annoyance. Had Ralph been a worse reader, Mr. Barwyn's dodgeries to throw him out of time during every solo or lead that fell to his lot would have produced a *fiasco*. The old chorister of Blankton, however, sang so steadily that he could not be tripped up; and a musical curate, aware that the accompaniment was at fault, had the hardihood to enquire of Mr. Barwyn what he meant by stultifying himself by such slipshod playing?—a remark which went home, and compelled malice to alter its tactics. Evidently Ralph was too unassailable in regard of musical capacity. Perhaps his morals might be impeachable, and the clergy of St. Bathos were very strong on the subject of morality, as Mr. Barwyn knew by bitter experience, for he had often trembled lest his own peccadilloes might get round to their ears. He would keep a watch on his young friend. Youth is frail.

Now, of all the innocent, pure-hearted boys, that ever stepped into

the temptations of manhood in our wicked Babylon, never was there one more thoroughly protected by a simple soul than young Ralph. He was a devotee of art, regarding her as a mistress to be served in all cleanliness of life. To be a high-priest of her religion was his ambition, and he believed that dignity to be incompatible with vice. Hence to the grosser forms of metropolitan entanglements he was fire-proof. When Robinsoni (alias Robinson) of the opera chorus, and principal bass of St. Bathos, suggested during the Litany at morning service various naughtinesses to which he was desirous of introducing his friend Ralph, he was shut up by the look of disgust on the young man's countenance. When Madlle. Larobe, contralto in that choir, who was certainly married to one husband, and owed her position in the organ-loft to her 'friendship' for Mr. Barwyn—who, by the way, had a wife and family—when this not very backward specimen of powder and rouge attempted a *liaison* with our young tenor, she found her wiles of no avail. She blasphemed him in consequence roundly, as a slow country bumpkin without manners. Her abuse did not hurt, being unheard and unheeded. Nevertheless every human being has his one opportunity of lapsing, and, if you escape falling into a cesspool or a horse-pond, you may find yourself submerged beneath the opal waves of some beautiful lake, where the nymph of the mere will strive hard to keep you for herself, and you may love her more than your life. So fared it with Ralph. In the wide world of London life he found his siren, and if the reader joins with hypocritical Barwyn in condemning him, the reader and the writer are, to say the least, antipathies.

In Rosa Montresor you might have beheld no ordinary woman. The world babbled sweet flattery about her girlish appearance. She did look very young, perhaps owing to her strangely-delicate complexion, yet her age was that of woman rather than girl, her nature woman's nature. Her early history had been one of adventure. The carefully nurtured child of an eminent barrister, she was left (by the trickery of relations) at her father's death a penniless dependant on the very people who had spoiled her. To eat their bread grated against her every sensibility; for, conscious of a great wrong, her young soul—she was but seventeen—revolted against her own flesh and blood. She offered them love for restitution; they laughed. Then she turned her back on them in disdain, as on a crew of robbers. Within two mails, she was actually afloat on the blue Mediterranean *en route* for India in the subordinate capacity of governess; whilst following, like a spaniel, her every footstep, with a beating heart warmed to rapture by a not unkind reception, was old Sir Vincent Montresor, sadder judge, millionaire, and bronzed Indiaman. If she encouraged his addresses in order to pique her superior, she positively had the honesty to refuse him three times, from a conviction of her inaptitude to play the rôle of a dotard's darling. Afterwards, the iron of social servitude entering

into her young soul, proved intolerable. Unmasked she wrote to her despairing lover, and while she made no secret of her heart being her own, accepted him in the best faith possible under the circumstances. The sequel can only be described as a solecism in love. The marriage ceremony was actually interrupted by the bullets of mutineers, and Lady Montresor was carried to a place of refuge a bride, and wounded. Her aged bridegroom escaped unscathed in body, but the cruel excitement paralysed his brain. Some six weeks after Colonel G.'s column escorted down the country, among others, Sir Vincent a confirmed lunatic, and Lady Montresor, whom the Indian medical men had given up for lost. She returned home with a life she knew to be shortened, a colossal fortune, and a husband utterly devoid of reason, but by no means of vital powers. For a long time she suffered, the easy prey of doctors. Finding, however, that each fresh prescription proved more deleterious than its predecessor, and becoming thence convinced that no medicine can reorganise the human frame, she rebelled at last against orders to Ventnor, counter-orders to Spa or Nice, and a perpetual taste in the mouth of noxious drugs. From the very hour of her declaration of independence she began to amend. Then she took a house in Westbourne Terrace, furnished it royally with more than oriental splendour, and surrounded herself by artists, displaying an especial predilection for musicians; for before the disastrous experience of the Mutiny, her voice had been divine, and she had endeavoured by honest work to cultivate the gift of nature.

Realise, if you will, the strange lot of this beautiful being. Young and marvellously fascinating, yet battling with a death often apparently at the very door. Married, yet neither wife nor widow. Rich beyond the last wishes of the most avaricious, nevertheless so cut off from sympathy with the world as to find no better outlet for her wealth than in feasting total strangers. Imagine how such a heart would yearn for that which alone can satisfy the cravings of a woman's soul. For long, too, in vain. In lieu of love she received but the false homage of an ill-veiled flattery, against which her brain revolted. Perhaps at first she had been really attracted by Mr. Barwyn. Regarding her as good game, he certainly devoted every energy to attain success. For a short time, too, she was deceived. For a short time only. The man, like so many of his class, had a thin veneer of manner, but was no gentleman; held pretensions to refinement, being the coarsest of sensualists; had a habit of saying treble his meaning, hence his prettiest speeches savoured of mockery. Even a clever woman will gorge much bait, yet the stupidest have their maximum. If she liked his love-making, she was sickened by his familiarity. He was all very well as a plaything, but, careless as Rosa Montresor was of the world's opinion, she could not afford to disregard her own. Mr. Barwyn's affection was not merely unholy, it was degrading. To her Sir Vincent was but as a corpse; on the contrary, this man's relations with his spouse were





DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKINS.

H. S. JENKINS

simply those of bad man and faithful woman; when, therefore, he offered to fling over Mrs. Barwyn and his tribe of lawful issue, Rosa Montresor told him to his face that he was a villain, and gave him his dismissal with the contempt he deserved.

Yet destiny could not be so cruel as to deny this woman—so full of pure sentiment—the ideal she prayed for, hoped for, dreamt of. For a brief space she was to enjoy the grand happiness her soul had coveted during the long waste of past years.

'*Que faire*, Poodle dear?' yawned she one Sunday morning. Poodle, a small-minded toady, who acted as companion, nurse, housekeeper, besides avowing in season and out of season an eternal friendship—mercenary—for dearest Rosa, suggested, religiously, church.

Poodle, when at home, was called Sarah Smith—seriously. In Westbourne Terrace she succumbed to a less ordinary appellation—playfully.

They went.

'That young tenor's voice is delicious!' exclaimed Lady Montresor after service. 'Poodle, ask him at once to our Wednesday's party.'

'But his name?' gasped Poodle.

'Find it out, and his address also. How dull you are, my dear; ask the beadle or the curate, of course.'

'Or I might ask Mr. Barwyn,' suggested Poodle.

'No, not Barwyn,' and Poodle perceived from the look on her superior's face that Mr. Barwyn was out of favour. The tenor in question was our friend Ralph. In response to Miss Sarah Smith's handwriting, he accepted with pleasure Lady Montresor's kind invitation, imagining that as usual he was to be guest of some ancient female of buckram manners, who desired to dodge him out of a song—in consideration of negus and abomination—for the delectation of her assembled clique. Such unworthy economies are practised, especially among the very rich.

Yawnily he entered a home the beauty of which at once arrested his eye. Rosa Montresor had cut conventionality. Fortune, beauty, name, all gave her an easy *entrée* to the *crème de la crème* of London society. Her earlier impressions, however, could not be effaced. She declined pugnaciously the fetters of Mrs. Grundy, and as she deliberately made her own set, so she determined that her surroundings should be in harmony with her own ideas of what was good. In the embellishment of her house throughout she had dared to use colour in a way which would have made many a critic shiver. There was a warmth of tone around her everywhere; her's was splendour to attract, not repel. On entering her rooms you were dazzled, but not chilled. The powerful odours of exotics in the conservatory blended pleasantly with the fumes of cigarettes, for Rosa Lady Montresor defied propriety by an indulgence usually denied to fair lips. Evidence was there on all sides of a gorgeous taste, of intense luxury, but the best wealth of all was to be found in

an ease banished from the domain of Mrs. Grundy. Formality was annihilated, yet nature had nothing to be ashamed of. She brought all her charms unmuffled and unswathed; her wit, grace, enjoyment, life, her delicacy also, all the truer for not being hid behind a mask.

'Really Mr. —,' said Lady Montresor to an extremely diffident guest, 'do you wish me to *swear*? Or what other human thing can I do to make you feel at home?' Mr. — had been too shy to hold himself to *moselle*.

To say, therefore, that Ralph was agreeably surprised, as after briefly realising the loveliness of her abode, he made friends with its more than lovely mistress, is to say little. She had invited him, in the happiest taste, half an hour before the rest, in order to 'make out his bearings' and put him quite at his ease.

On entering he discovered a very beautiful figure reclining gracefully—not lazily. She did not welcome him by rising, but rather by her eyes, which laughed to meet his, he thought afterwards, as if they had recovered some long-lost friend.

Then she gave him her hand as well as her eyes, and a low soft musical voice murmured: 'So charmed to see you, Mr. Ralph. We were enchanted by your solo on Sunday, and having a few artiste friends, we hoped —' and she blushed a little in pretty confusion.

Ralph said he was flattered and delighted, and he looked his words.

'We are all smokers here—inveterate smokers,' she said with a smile. 'My excuse is that I was for a short time in the East and learnt the art, or vice, or luxury, or whatever it is,' and she offered him prettily one of her own cigarettes—made, too, although she suppressed the fact, by her own fair fingers.

Next she motioned him to a seat by her on the ottoman, and in a very few minutes had fascinated his tongue into volubility and confidence, and contrived to make him so supremely happy that he was quite vexed when the arrival of 'company' interrupted their *tête-a-tête*.

It was a very pleasant party. Creatures of either sex, whose mission it is to utter nastiness in the shape of pointed sarcasms, scandal, and malice, were totally eliminated from Rosa Montresor's set. People who came to her house came to enjoy themselves. She would admit neither lords to be toadied nor servitors to be snubbed. Her girl friends were all as pretty as pleasant, her men convivial and amusing. The usual programme was music, real; then supper, artistic; then she would act as banker at roulette to her own invariable loss, and the profit of many a poor artiste, like Ralph, to whom a stray sovereign or five-pound note meant a light heart for a whole week.

'Your time is very much occupied, I suppose?' half whispered she to Ralph, as she shook hands with him.

'It is,' he replied; 'but I must make time, if you will allow me, to visit you—sometimes.' Her sunshine had exhilarated the young man's soul.

'Make time, then, to-morrow,' said she, with a beaming smile.

He took the hint, although it compelled him to cut more than one pupil; and she received him in her boudoir alone, and they found a bond of sympathy in the frail tenure of life too palpable to each, and prattled to one another like brother and sister, and in short fell in love. Although, it must be added, neither yet quite dared eschew the trammels of propriety. Their eyes were the eyes of lovers; but their tongues as yet only the tongues of friends.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

It was evident that Theodore Lovett's affairs were nearing a crisis. Mr. Brown had not withdrawn from the negotiation in regard of Coldhole advowson, but his solicitor advised that there were difficulties in the way of presentation; hence there appeared no prospect of Mr. Brown's money being available just yet. In the meanwhile the liability to the Lingeville bank was imminent, and banks have a hard-and-fast rule of requiring payment at the date named in the bill. They are in fact compelled to act on general principles, and, if a customer violates his engagement, are bound by every law of good faith to treat such a man as a rogue, be they never so fully convinced of his integrity.

As a precautionary measure he took the liberty of calling on Mr. Petifer to enquire whether his principals would grant an extension of time until the sale of the advowson was complete.

To this not very unreasonable request Mr. Pettifer declined to listen with patience. He really couldn't say how the bank would act. His own opinion, formed, he might say, long since from bitter experience, was that the clergy as a body were most atrocious men of business, and utterly unreliable into the bargain. However, his directors had thought otherwise. Had *he* been consulted *he* should never have recommended a loan on the title-deeds of leasehold property, &c.

Mr. Lovett had no alternative but to bear this impudent tirade with patience, for the great soul would not suffer interruption. At length the subject-matter having exhausted Mr. Petifer's wind, an opportunity occurred for a rejoinder, that the point at issue was not the questionable conduct of the clergy, but how to solve an unforeseen difficulty. Mr. Lovett waxed wrath, for his opponent was utterly impassible to all argument, and a determined and wilful *ignoratio elenchi* is the very highest form of aggravation.

The upshot of this interview was that Mr. Petifer shelved the responsibility of action on the manager of the bank, to whom he insinuated application by letter. Accordingly Mr. Lovett wrote a

clear and concise statement of his position, offering the fullest apologies, and praying that an exceptional case might meet with exceptional consideration.

In reply to this the manager, a very courteous gentleman, wrote that he should be quite prepared to sanction renewal for one month longer, provided that the one hundred pounds overdrawn were refunded at once, otherwise he regretted extremely that his positive instructions were to refer him to the bank's solicitor, Mr. Petifer.

As for that limb of the law, it could prove in action most muscular. Petifer sliming a duke, and Petifer on to a creditor, might equally be regarded as a moral spectacle. He was doing his duty. Therefore, as soon as his superiors invested him with authority, he began to use it in the most terrific and vindictive style. He threatened proceedings, not merely civil, but criminal (on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences), and in the end so successfully alarmed the Lovetts as to drive them out of Lingeville. The law of imprisonment for debt was still in force, and poor souls who were unable to pay were liable to be fettered from work.

Adine wished her husband to demand this hundred pounds from Horace Blackley. How, she argued, could he ever expect to occupy a position in Lingeville, if it were to get wind that he had to bolt in order to escape arrest? Mr. Blackley, in common decency, could not refuse this request; and if her husband would not write to the man, she would.

Mr. Lovett shook his head. He was cowed by Petifer's violence. A man who has lived a free life, i.e. unencumbered by debt, if suddenly he should be placed in the position of defaulter, is utterly lost. His judgment becomes distorted by fear and disgust; for, it must be remembered, the better a man is the greater is his horror of disgrace. He declined to write to Horace Blackley, or to ask a favour, which he knew would be rejected with cool insolence, nor could he tolerate for a second that his wife should beg where he was ashamed. Not so opined Adine. She was so thoroughly convinced of her own influence with Horace Blackley as to believe that he would treat a request of hers as a command to be loyally obeyed. Accordingly she secretly despatched him a letter, which, if he were to answer substantially by return of post, would just save their removal from Lingeville.

Needless to say, this false step was productive of no good. Horace Blackley chuckled over her touching appeal to his 'old friendship,' put it quietly into his pocket, and vouchsafed no reply whatever.

The necessity of flitting being now beyond a doubt, Ralph was put in requisition to secure suitable apartments for them in London—the metropolis being a bundle of hay, where a poor needle is least likely to be found—and he accordingly selected a sufficiently out-of-the-way quarter, viz. Portobello Park, the new suburb lying north-west of Notting Hill, and on the wrong side of the metropolitan line of rail,

where houses being new are clean, and, the neighbourhood being not much in repute, lodgings are cheap. For this destination the Lovetts prepared to travel forthwith, and Adine with the nurse and baby were already seated in a fly, which was to carry them to the rail, when the lodging-house slut, touched perhaps by a somewhat larger tip than she had anticipated, and aware that no time was left for a row, produced from beneath a very adipose apron a letter, which she confessed to having 'forgot' to deliver yesterday.

How guiltily Adine's face reddened! Could it be from Horace Blackley?

In a trice her husband was by her side, and a glimpse of the handwriting relieved her apprehensions. The letter was not from Horace Blackley, but from Mr. Brown's lawyer, and its purport ugly enough. It appeared that Mr. Brown had received several anonymous communications, advising him to have nothing to do with Coldhole advowson on the ground of the sale being tainted with simony, and the title being unsatisfactory. The lawyer did not quarrel with the title, but he regretted to say that his client felt so nervous about the matter that he declined to risk his money. The letter was so worded as to preclude all hope of further negotiation. Evidently Mr. Brown had finally made up his mind.

'Heaven help us!' cried the poor man, as the fly dashed up to the station only just in time for the London express.

Adine was too much occupied in looking after the nurse, whose efforts to bring the baby's face into collision with the luggage were very nearly successful, to remark her husband; when, however, he took his place by her side in the railway carriage, and the train had emerged from darkness into the full light of day, there was that in his countenance which startled her.

'What is the matter, Doré dear?' she enquired tenderly, clasping his dull hand, which seemed to have lost its use.

'Nothing. At least, nothing much,' he gasped.

Nevertheless, before the train was a mile away from Lingeville, the heart of this great broad man had played him traitor, and he lay stretched in a dead faint.

On his recovery he fumbled in his pocket, and counted his assets. Notes were less than fifty pounds, there was a stray gold piece, and some silver.

Thus, sad and sorry, these two people with their sleeping little one, journeyed towards a city of refuge, cruelly conscious of the fatal crisis; having lost, too, the small comfort of an *ignis fatuus* which until now had lightened their path.

[To be continued.]

IN BED.

EARLY ONE SUMMER MORNING, TO A FLY.

AWAY, thou torment ! leave alone—
 'Twere best—a man now savage grown,
 Half-maddened by thy whizzing wing,
 Thy tickling foot, thy vicious sting,
 Thy buz of triumph sounded near,
 Across my face, and at my ear.
 Away, thou puny tyrant ! know,
 He whom thou teapest, torturest so,
 Can vengeance deal ;—yea, he will crush,
 As soon as ever thou shalt come
 Between his finger and his thumb,
 Thy bones and body all to mush.

O weary me ! Oh when, oh when,
 Will sleep revisit me again ?
 I long for sleep, for one short doze
 Of quiet undisturbed repose.
 Again thou'rt there ! O cruel fly,
 Have mercy ! Hear a suppliant's cry.
 If thou, becoming a kind creature,
 Wilt mortify thy muscal nature,
 And curb that lust to revel in
 The pleasant juices of my skin ;
 If thou from hence at once wilt go,
 Nor longer here thy trumpet blow,
 But cease thy circlings round my head,
 And quit the region of my bed,
 And let me now my slumber take,
 I'll give thee—respite till I wake.

R. G.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN GERMANY.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.



CALL the cab, boy ! do not dally !
 I am booted, and would ride ;
 He who lingers lengthens sorrow,
 He who lags may lose the tide.
 I have vowed to nurse no weeping,
 And to cast dear loves behind,
 Forward on the wave of venture,
 With full sail spread to the wind.
 There you have it ! Now we rattle
 Through the whirls of social strife,
 Through the proud palatial city,
 Through a wilderness of life,
 Through the rich untutored grandeur
 Of the strangely shifting scene,
 Through the free unpruned luxuriance
 Of the lofty and the mean ;
 'Neath the pride of tower and turret,
 Public hall and princely home,
 Arch on arch of stately splendour,
 Mounting spire and floating dome ;
 Past the Tower, the grim recorder
 Of stern deeds in days of yore,
 To the long dark lines of wharfage,
 Where the merchant piles his store.
 Here the Titan courier waits me
 Panting with the prisoned steam,
 O'er the vasty swell to bear me
 Of the girdling ocean stream.
 I have fled from splendid service,
 With mine own free self to dwell ;
 Mighty growth of men and money,
 Wondrous London, fare thee well !

These lines, if they are ever read by anybody, may inform the reader that, escaped from the fret and rattle of London life, and the cumbrous

splendour of what is called the gay world, I am off in the steamboat for a pleasant swing on continental railroads during the summer months. My first step was to Antwerp, which of course you could only surmise in a vague way from the lines; but when I awoke in the morning, after a sail of sixteen hours, and went on deck, the same measure haunting my ears, I found myself spinning these other lines, distinctly enough, I hope, indicating our approach to the wide-winding mouth of the Scheldt and its belongings.

How now, captain? shrimps and flounders!
 What a soft and slimy shore,
 As if yesterday new risen
 From the primal watery store!
 Like a bather wet and dripping,
 Like a paradise of frogs,
 Land of ducks and legged waders,
 Flat-faced isles and briny bogs.

Which should have branched out into a sounding contrast with the bold outline of huge towering Bens and green-corniced crags which mark the west coast of my grand Caledonia. But the morning was cold, and I had had no breakfast; so the verses were nipped in the bud, and must remain as they are. If you ask why they are here at all, and why I do not express myself, like other decent tourists, unchequered and in prose, I will only answer—it is my humour. I mean to jot down a few reminiscences of a short trundle through some notable spots of the German Fatherland (which has long been almost as dear as my Scotch Fatherland to me) in verse or prose, as the whim may order. There is no way in the world of knowing what liberty means equal to this. Let a dray-horse, or a clipper of railway tickets, or a sitter on Parliamentary Committees, or a crammer of dull youths with Greek choruses, or any other mortal, who, day after day, and week after week, conscientiously performs his systematic part as an indispensable peg or pin in the vast machine of society, let such a creature surrender himself absolutely and without qualification for a season to the guidance of the great goddess WHIM, and he will know what liberty means in a fashion (quite innocuous, too) of which no Parisian Democrat drunk with the red wine of Communism has the most remote conception. Therefore, dear brother, in this hard-working world, when you make your tour on the Continent—great or small—do not vex yourself anxiously with preparations and plans, but leave as much as possible to accident and to chance acquaintance, and drift into any haven where the current may land you, without consulting Murray. In the name of common sense, make not a burden of your recreation, as some persons do of their piety, by always carrying weighty prayer-books in their pockets!

I did not stay any time at Antwerp, and so am not able to say whether the monument of Sir Walter Scott, in Princes Street, Edinburgh, as I have heard it alleged, was stolen from the top tiers of the cathedral steeple in that place or not. But I will give you a piece of practical advice, which may enable you, if you come here, not to fling away foolishly seven or eight francs, as I did in my ignorance. If you are going right through to Cologne, don't follow the natural instinct of a tourist, and take a through ticket. A through ticket to Cologne will cost you eight francs more than a ticket first to the Prussian frontier and then another from that point to Cologne. Why? Because the King of Belgium, with a most royal consideration for facilitating communication between the extreme ends of his kingdom, adopting the principle of our glorious penny post, has equalised the rates of travel by steam, so that the further you go the less always in proportion you pay; as if a traveller with us, going from London to Berwick-on-Tweed, should pay only a very little more than when he goes to York. But the King of Prussia, of course, is not bound to pay any regard to this benevolent Belgian device — neither does he; and so, if you shoot through from Antwerp to Cologne without taking note of the barrier, you lose the benefit.

At Cologne, where I always stay a day whenever I come to Germany, I was happy to find that the splendid cathedral, by the help of new steam machinery for the elevation of the masonry, is certain to be finished within ten years at the utmost—some say with confidence six. It was the 1st of May when I arrived about four o'clock (the train takes about seven hours from Antwerp), and after a slight refreshment I went into the cathedral, where I found a large and attentive audience assembled to inaugurate the Feast of the Virgin Mary, to whom this month is specially sacred. I listened for half an hour to a sermon in praise of Our Lady, like other sermons, commonplace enough in respect of matter, but superior to the general run of English discourses, in this that the speaker did not read slavishly from a paper, but looked his audience manfully in the face, and seemed fully alive in all parts of his body, even to the tip of the fingers. Though a good Presbyterian, I listened to the praise of the Virgin not only with equanimity, but with sympathy; for it has always seemed to me that of all the Romanist superstitions, the worship of the Virgin is at once the most natural and the most amiable, and in its practical results not at all pernicious; for Mary is, and can be only, the most highly potentiated model of a perfectly Christian woman—a female Christ, whose character, devoutly contemplated, has a necessary tendency to change the worshipper into some likeness of the object of his worship. After the sermon was finished, I returned to my inn, and fell asleep under a sacred lullaby from the cathedral bells. The morning hymn that awaked me from my comfortable slumber was from the same quarter, or from some of the neighbouring churches (for Cologne is a city of churches); and my

head being still full of the sermon of the previous evening, I began to muse as follows :

Ding dong, ding dong, so rich, so full, so deep,
 The air is peopled with the floating hymn ;
 This churchly music cradled me to sleep,
 And in my waking ears its echoes swim.
 For what ? for whom ?—it is the virgin bloom
 Of May, and all the city rings her praise,
 The Hebrew maid, from whose benignant womb
 He sprang who draws the world's adoring gaze.
 O blame them not, thou Presbyterian sour,
 Severe to write harsh sentence 'gainst thy brothers,
 Whose worship placed her on a throne of power,
 Miraculous, high above all human mothers :
 They sinned—if here they sinned—who overflowed
 With love, and paid with more than what they owed.

So much for the worship. If you think that I am too tender to Mariolatry, remember, dear Protestant brother, that I am sixty years of age, and that bigotry is pardonable only in young men. But if you cannot learn to look with a charitable eye on the worship, at least let that glorious temple sink into your soul, there to remain with the Pantheon, and the Colosseum, and the Albert Hall, Kensington, and every edifice great and beautiful and graceful that your mortal eyes have beheld. You will observe that this magnificent shrine, besides uniting magnitude with ornament to an extent and with a finish rarely realised, has one virtue, which to very few of the best English cathedrals belongs : *es ist alles aus einem Guss*, as the Germans say—it is all from one mould—and gives the impression from every point of a complete, well-rounded, and self-coherent organism. Therefore, when you have walked through it leisurely in the inside, and paid your respects, if you care for such thing, to the sacred skulls of the three Kings, forget not to take a walk across the river ; and, when you are on the other side, directly on your left hand you will see an open garden, with an awning of green leafage from pollard trees, and a social array of chairs and tables arranged on a platform that overlooks the water ; this in the forenoon, before the cup of coffee, and the Rhine wine, and the Bavarian beer, and the overtures of Mozart commence, you may have all to yourself ; and thence contemplate the fine old *Colonia Agrippina*, and the magnificent medieval fane, with the mighty river rolling between, exactly as you might gaze on Somerset House and St. Paul's from Lambeth Palace, or some open place a little farther down the river. I sat there for half an hour, and fixed the picture indelibly in my soul.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;'

So shalt thou be to me, thou wondrous pile,

Majestic reared o'er thy majestic river,
 Like pyramid that sentinels the Nile.
 Even as a mighty tree that slowly grew
 Through the strength-giving ages, and outspread
 His germinal type in branchy leafage new,
 So grows thy grandeur to harmonious head,
 Not patched in motley splendour, but breathed through,
 Like God's live work, with one all-moulding soul.
 Farewell! another glimpse, and then adieu,
 Thou fairest shrine beneath the Arctic pole;
 Peer proudly o'er thine own, thy German river,
 And insolent Gaul shall claim thy beauty never!

Half an hour's rattle on the rail brought me from Cologne to Bonn, a bright and shining and manifestly prosperous University town, and standing in the same relation to the world-renowned Rhine scenery that Oban does to the West Highlands. If you are wise, you will fix your head-quarters here for at least a week. I always go to the Rheineck Gasthaus, close on the water, with a splendid look-out on the *Siebengebirge*, whence you may shoot up and down the fair Rhine stream to Mainz and back again as lightly and luxuriously as a young gentleman trips it down the middle and up again with his fair partner in a country dance. I had lived at Bonn twenty years ago a whole summer, when Welcker was expounding the mysteries of Greek mythology, Brandes the knotty points of Greek philosophy, and Ritschl the metrical structure of the plays of Plautus. Of course, I had been more than once on the Drachenfels; but, as one likes to shake an old friend by the hand always the better the older he grows, so I could not resist the temptation, being favoured with a bright sunny day, of taking a long ramble through that quaint green region of old volcanic cones and old baronial castles. The vines that cover the slopes at this season of the year have no attractions—like a regiment of soldiers standing in their bones without their beef, as Sydney Smith wished for himself on a very hot day; but the woods are gay with the virgin green of the year, the meadows sprinkled with cowslips, and the water comes bouncing down with a light tripping step along the mountain paths in a very delectable fashion. Here I found myself in the very loveliest environment of Germanism. I had in my pocket an admirable discourse on the war, delivered by the Rector of the University of Berlin, at the outbreak of hostilities;¹ this I read while sipping my Niersteiner in the Gasthaus of the Drachenfels; and musing on the beautiful spectacle around, above and below, the broad river, the castled crags, the cloistered islets, and the amphitheatrical sweep of volcanic peaks behind,

¹ *A Speech on the German War*: delivered on August 3, 1870, before the University of Berlin, by Emile du Bois-Reymond, Rector; done into English by the author. London: Bentley, 1870.

I span the following fourteen lines, which, if they have no other virtue, certainly smack distinctly enough of the whereabouts :

There rolls He now, majestic, broad, and free,
 The German Rhine, with viny verdure bound,
 Festooned with populous wealth, a joy to see,
 With town and tower and rock-perched castle crowned !
 And all around the little jocund rills
 Come bickering down, and from the genial mould
 Time's vintage from the old Vulcanian hills,
 The bright flowers wave their purple and their gold.
 This the Frank saw and envied, till his passion
 Grew to a deed that made a din in story,
 When he his hand put forth in conqueror's fashion,
 And lived by rapine, which he baptized glory,
 And bade the German Rhine flow blood and tears,
 Till God's stern vengeance came with the slow-ripening years.

I descended the Drachenfels on the east side, and trudged up the glen—as we would call it in Scotland—alongside of a lively brook, a distance of about three miles, to the head of one of the wooded conical peaks, called the Löwenburg, which attracts the eye from the outlook platform of the Drachenfels. It is several hundred feet higher than the picturesque western summit so generally visited, and commands a greater sweep of view to the east as well as to the west of the Siebengebirge. At the top of the peak is an old castle, and on a little platform close under the top, in the true German fashion, a modern Gasthaus, where the usual refreshments, with the endemic fragrance of tobacco, is to be enjoyed. I then descended to the Rhine, to the station at the village of Honnef, about a mile and a half above the Drachenfels, whence an evening train took us down to Bonn.

Next morning, after visiting Professor Bernays, and hearing him discourse for an hour or two, with his comprehensive survey and vivid glance, on all things, Teutonic, academical, and human, I bent my steps with a sad purpose to visit the resting-place of the best of the many good Germans whom it has been my good fortune intimately to know—the late Baron Bunsen. I saw Bunsen first forty years ago, when he was ambassador in Rome ; then about fifteen years ago, in Heidelberg, when he had retired from public life, and was busily engaged with Hebrew and his translation of the Bible ; and a third time, a few months before his death, in his house at Bonn, when he was suffering severely from that structural disorder of the great vital organ by which he was prematurely carried away. On all these occasions I was powerfully impressed by that grand combination of intellectual strength, Christian faith, and juvenile enthusiasm which his character presented. He was a man alive at all points, from the pineal gland to the tip of the finger, as much at sixty-nine as at nineteen ; and alive in the best possible way,

with a natural overflow of love, and truth, and devotion not at all common in the present age, when some are unfortunate enough to have fallen into a general cold indifference, and not a few others are foolish enough to affect it. His memorial stone will be found beside that of his philosophical friend Christian Brandes, in the south wall of the city churchyard, with a medallion containing a likeness not worthy of the original, and these very characteristic words from Isaiah, *Lasst uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen!* (LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT OF THE ETERNAL.) Light indeed is the only element that can fitly symbolise Bunsen. He was a true son of Apollo. What he was to Germany and to Europe the well-known biography written by his English wife displayed to all the world. My feeble tribute to his memory, written in the churchyard, follows here:

The gifts of God are many: but from me
Great thanks are due for one peculiar grace,
That when to life's stern road I turned my face
He led my blind, unpractised foot to thee,
Thou great-souled Bunsen, full of light and love.
Thee to have known was as when first the flower
Lifts up its drooping head to that fine Power
Which stirs strong life in all fair things that move;
And as the Sun his vivid virtue flings
With genial grace on teeming sea and land,
So thou, all human, all terrestrial things,
With pulsing heart embraced and helping hand,
Nor knew of sect or race the sundering wall,
Who lived in all the joys and griefs of all.

In the churchyard I saw, also, the headstone of the stout old singer of the Liberation War of 1813, Ernest Maurice Arndt; but the Bonn people have shown a worthy ambition in not contenting themselves with a common churchyard memorial to a man whose name signifies so much for Germany, and conferred such lustre on the fair city where he resided for so many years. They have planted him in bronze, on a granite pedestal, on the high platform overlooking the Rhine, outside the Coblenzer Thor. On the pedestal is carved the famous line from one of his songs:

*Der Gott, der Eisen wachsen liess,
Der wollte keine Knechte;*

which looks prophetic of Bismark's 'Blut und Eisen,' by which such great things have been recently achieved. The monument of such a man could not have been set up in a more suitable place. So long as the statue of Ernest Maurice Arndt stands on this ground the French

will be wise not to resume their foolish dreams about the Rhine boundary.¹

There stand thou now : it is the place for thee,
 Thou stout old chip of Blücher's brotherhood ;
 There stand, and watch the regal-rolling flood
 Thy lusty song from Frankish thrall set free !
 Thou wert a man who heeded not to dress
 Thy strength in silken vest : no modish rule,
 No nice regards of fashion's dainty school,
 Pruned the rich growth of thy rough manfulness.
 Such men are Nature's trumpets : she declares
 Through them against all false and feeble things
 Stern-fronted war ; and courtiers and kings
 Shrink when her strong untutored blast she blares :
 God send us many such, that we may stand
 In this smooth time erect with sword in hand !

And so farewell to Bonn. I shall not forget the Drachenfels—who can that ever saw it? but that is only a luxury of the pictorial faculty; Bunsen, and Bernays, and Maurice Arndt sink deeper, and are the most profitable of all memories. The thought of such men is the best preservative against all kinds of sinking.

My next destination was Cassel. I had two routes before me ; one with a bend north by Cologne, and the other with a bend south by Coblenz. The former was a few miles shorter, the latter by many degrees more beautiful ; so I could have no hesitation as to my choice. After crossing the Rhine at Coblenz, the road winds, amid shifting scenes of remarkably picturesque beauty, up the valley of the Lahn, past the famous watering-place Bad Ems, up to the University town of Giessen. This is all the old Nassau domain, but since the capital stroke of 1866 Prussian, and displaying at every station the well-known Prussian colours, black and white. At Giessen the road bends more northward, passes the University town of Marburg—where the Scottish proto-martyr Patrick Hamilton studied—beautifully situated, like not a few other towns in this district, on a rising ground—leaves the sources of the Lahn behind, and after crossing the Fulda comes to the capital of the ancient Chatti. This city, one of the most lightsome and pleasant in Europe, is situated partly on a broad and elevated platform that rises westward from the low ground through which the Fulda flows, partly on the slope that sinks down eastward to the low ground, and from many places commands a fine sweeping view of the great amphitheatre of hills—an offshoot from the Rhön Gebirg—that runs down into the

¹ The falsehood of the vulgar notion that rivers are the natural boundaries of nations was exposed by Arndt in his tract entitled, *Der Rhein, Deutschland's Fluss, nicht Deutschland's Grenze.*

Hanoverian plain south of Göttingen. Like Edinburgh, of course, it owes great part of its attraction to its fine situation ; and, like Edinburgh also, it possesses a peculiar charm in the marked contrast between the quaint gabled architecture of the old part of the town on the slope and the modern streets of the plateau. But I did not occupy myself much with the town, as my object in coming to this place was rather to take a walk through the splendid paradise of Wilhelmshöhe, where the French imperial gambler, after the humiliating affair at Sedan, fell so softly on his feet. A long avenue with fine trees on each side leads, by a gradual ascent, a distance of about three miles, to the palace and wooded walks of Wilhelmshöhe. To a touch of the bell the castellan appeared ; and, with the usual unaffected civility and genuine human kindness of the Germans, showed me through the principal rooms that had so lately been occupied by Napoleon. The apartments were large, elegant, and gay ; quite in the gilded French style (but with perfect good taste) which was universal in Germany when she stooped to admire the nation whom she has now learned to despise. I looked on the table of the Emperor's business room, where he occupied himself with writing a book on the Prussian military system, which I afterwards saw in the shop windows Unter den Linden in Berlin. The castellan said that, though worn and haggard when he arrived, he became smooth and shining before his departure, looked happy, and was very pleasant and affable in his manner. He spoke excellent German, which he had learned when a young man in Switzerland. On the writing table, *in æternam rei memoriam*, he had left the burnt brand of the cigars the smoking of which was one of the consolations of his smooth imprisonment. I began, of course, to moralise on his character and fortunes, but could fish up nothing that might furnish food for sympathy. He seemed to me to have got exactly what he deserved from Fate, and something less. I never could feel the faintest thrill of admiration for that class of men, the mainspring of whose whole conduct is selfish ambition, and who are beneficial to the public only because the public interest sometimes happens to be identical with their own. That he was clever and adroit in many ways there can be no doubt. He could also turn a good sentence, like a true Frenchman, and draw up a paper, as Mr. Kinglake says, with the astuteness of a practised lawyer ; but these are not qualities to fall down and worship, even if they stood pure from the barefaced perjury and the cold-hearted butchery by the unscrupulous use of which he mounted the imperial throne. He persuaded himself, no doubt, that what he did was necessary for the public good ; but this is only the received style with which every usurper, from Pisistratus and Dionysius downwards, is forward to give the show of law to his lawlessness. He got the reins of power into his hands, so far as I can see, by debauching the French army ; he kept it by pandering to the passions of the French people, and

fostering their foolish love of military glory; and he lost it by the necessity of bidding for popularity imposed by the nature of things on every ruler whose authority is not based upon right. That he had the sense to seek and the good fortune to gain the alliance of England is surely not to be set down to his credit as a great virtue. He required some foreign backing of that kind to make him respectable, having no reputation of his own to start with. That he kept France quiet for eighteen years was good for France and good for Europe, but could not change the moral character of his rule. A man who violently takes possession of another man's property and manages it well still remains a robber. There is no reason why a burglar should be a fool; on the contrary, to be a burglar requires courage and dexterity above the common. That his name was Napoleon, that he was naturally a gambler, and that he was not more a liar than nine-tenths of the people with whom he had to do, furnish the only palliation for his conduct, but certainly cannot make him an object of admiration. A certain amount of persistency and tact, combined with good fortune, enabled him to gather some golden (or gilded) opinions both at home and abroad for a season; but, when the day of trial came he yielded to the unreasonable pressure of a pseudo-patriotism, which a truly great man would have opposed, and by thus yielding he dragged himself and his country into irretrievable ruin. And now he and France, like Adam and Eve in Paradise, may sit on the ground and criminate one another; but they are both sinners, and, unless they confess their sins, neither fine speeches nor clever manifestoes will redeem them from the just reproach of an impartial posterity. As I went down the Allee, back to Cassel, my 'Napoleonian ideas' took the following shape:

I.

I came not here to weep, but in thy fall
To greet an old truth with a novel face;
The black-stoled Furies are a limping race,
But come at last with sure revenge to all.
'Tis an old story: he who will have power
Must wade through blood, and buy good will with lies;
And ne'er did perjured front offend the skies
More bold than thine, to serve the shifting hour.
Thine was the work which for such hands will grow,
To humour the wild beast thou couldst not sway;
And so it rose in wrath one fretful day
And flung thee in the mire, where justly so
Thou mightst have rotted, with applause from all,
Too softly prisoned in this princely hall.

II.

And here he sat at large and lordly ease,
 And here in golden state did grandly dwell,
 And here roamed freely 'neath those stately trees,
 The imperial gambler, when his fortunes fell !
 He fell too soft, who with blind rashness led
 His fevered people floundering to their woe,
 And from the kind hand of a generous foe
 This prison found with silken carpet spread.
 And yet perhaps 'twas well ; a harsher doom
 Had waked soft tears that oft will flow for knaves,
 And wasted on a purple swindler's tomb
 The rightful tribute of heroic graves ;
 'Twas meet thou rottest on a plummy bed,
 With weight of heavy curses on thy head.

[To be continued.]

BY NIGHT.

GLIMMER of moonlight upon the river,
 Glistening shimmer of silvery sheen,
 Float from thy fairyland towards me ever—
 Message of love from the huntress-queen ;
 Clothing with light the tremulous water,
 Trellised with ripples of baby waves,—
 Laughter of heaven, like that of the daughter
 Of earth, whose beauty my soul enslaves,—
 Artemis' message, and Aphrodite's,
 Wooing my heart that was won before,
 A tremor of love thy delicate light is,
 Thy wavelet welcome, my bosom the shore !

JOHN WHITCHER.

FRENCH DRAMATIC ART IN LONDON.

BY FREDERICK POLLOCK AND WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

It has long been a commonplace of political talk amongst people who pride themselves on their solid common sense to accuse the French as a nation of being theatrical, and the mere mention of this is often found quite enough to explain the most complicated political circumstances. Leaving aside the question how far this extended application of the phrase in metaphor may be just or satisfactory, we may observe that whatever success it has when thus used must depend on the tacitly recognised fact of its being true in the liberal and more honourable sense. The French are, in the strictest meaning of the word, the pre-eminently theatrical people of Europe. They possess, and have long possessed, a body of dramatic artists, and a school of dramatic art, which, taken altogether, are unrivalled. The general superiority of the French stage has been more or less acknowledged in England, and companies of more or less merit, sometimes including individual actors of very distinguished merit, have frequently performed French plays in London. But until this year the London playgoer had no means of really appreciating the dramatic supremacy of France. The qualities which place her so immeasurably above England in this respect lie deeper than in the individual excellence of the actors. Indeed the powers of the several performers would not be so fully brought out as they are, but for that thorough and universal culture which is most perfectly carried out in the company of the Théâtre Français. While the Comédie Française remained fixed at Paris, it was only at Paris that the French dramatic genius could be studied in its completest development. The visit of this company to London has now enabled the English public to enjoy the same advantages for nearly three months without going beyond the Strand. For the first week or two it seemed doubtful whether English spectators would be made to appreciate the distinctive character of these performances; but though the house was some time in filling, the audiences were from the first good in quality, and latterly they left nothing to desire in quantity.

The Comédiens Français have in England, of course, no position

other than that of a number of persons embarked in a common speculation. But at home they are much more : they are a Company in a strictly legal as well as in a popular sense. They are not the servants of a manager, but a self-governing corporate body ; they are under the immediate patronage of the State, coupled indeed with an amount of supervision which must at times be found irksome ; they pass judgment, by a committee of their own number, on new pieces submitted for performance, and no intermediate agency comes between them and the author. Their traditions date back to Louis XIV. Napoleon made laws for them at Moscow. Perhaps there is no other institution in France which can boast of so durable and continuous an existence.

The performances of this company are marked by a care, completeness, and refinement, which nothing but an elaborate discipline scrupulously perpetuated from one generation to another could have secured. The total effect is so perfect that at first one is at a loss to separate the elements composing it. Each performer seems willing to sacrifice his own prominence, if need be, to the artistic harmony and success of the piece. Subordinate parts are acted and subordinate speeches delivered with no less care than principal ones. The actors conduct themselves throughout as if their abilities existed in order to do justice to the play, not the play in order to show off their abilities ; and thus they earn genuine and deserved triumphs.

It is generally understood that no company besides that of the Théâtre Français can play Molière in perfection. So far this is right ; but sometimes it is inferred that the converse is true, and if not exactly that the company can play nothing but Molière, at any rate that they cannot play less classical pieces so well ; and this is by no means the case. Our own inclination would be to fix on De Musset as the author in whose works the artists of the Français are seen to the greatest advantage. His pieces are perhaps the most perfect of all modern dramatic compositions. For variety and felicity he is unsurpassed ; his dialogue, always exquisite in expression, is equally admirable when it sparkles with wit and when it burns with passion ; his manifold and sudden changes tax and develope to the utmost the resources of the actors who impersonate his creations. One of the most charming of De Musset's contributions to the Théâtre Français is 'Il ne faut jurer de rien.' M. Got's performance of the Abbé is a piece of supremely grotesque comedy ; and it is all the more irresistible because it never degenerates into burlesque. In one act he has to make three confused exits ; they are all different, and all ludicrous beyond description. His dialogue - at cross-purposes with the baroness, who, by the time he answers her questions, has forgotten what the questions were about, and has no settled idea except that she cannot find her yellow pin-cushion, has a grave oddity that is quite unique. M. Delaunay, as Valentin, has good opportunities for his exquisite light comedy, and just one occasion—which for him is

enough, though for an ordinary actor it would be nothing—for showing that he can also represent real emotion. For this, however, he finds abundant scope in other performances. In particular, the delivery by M. Delaunay and Mdle. Favart of another composition of Alfred de Musset, 'La Nuit d'Octobre,' is a masterpiece of passionate declamation. This is a lyrical dialogue, in which only two persons appear, the Poet and the Muse. It need hardly be said that no common power and art are required on the part of both performers to make such an ideal scene effective on the stage. If there were a failure at any point, even the beauty of De Musset's poetry would hardly save the whole from becoming ridiculous. But both M. Delaunay and Mdle. Favart rise at once to the height of the author's conception, and interpret his verse with a beauty of elocution and poetic feeling to which our praise can do but scant justice. It is worth while to note how the arrangement of the stage shows a complete understanding of the poem in its inner meaning. The piece, though dramatic in form, is lyrical in motive; the Muse has no real separate personality. Accordingly, it is contrived that in the representation she is never visible to the Poet. His utterances of regret, of despair, of returning calm and joy, are given as what they really are, a monologue.

'Les Caprices de Marianne,' one of the most beautiful, we would almost say the most beautiful, of Alfred de Musset's plays, brings out the powers of the chief members of the company as well as any play they have performed in London. Called a comedy, this piece is in reality a tragedy, and a terrible one. The brilliant wit and sparkling freshness of the dialogue in the lighter parts are but a thin veil for the horror that lies beneath. From the first entrance of Célio, who is deeply and hopelessly in love with Marianne, the wife of Claudio, the old and jealous podestat, we seem to see the grim relentless fate that waits in the background, and step by step advances and overwhelms Célio, Octave and Marianne, without obstruction and without pity. Célio's first speech is the very incarnation of despairing love.

Malheur à celui qui, au milieu de la jeunesse, s'abandonne à un amour sans espoir ! Malheur à celui qui se livre à une douce rêverie avant de savoir où sa chimère le mène et s'il peut être payé de retour ! Mollement couché dans une barque, il s'éloigne peu à peu de la rive ; il aperçoit au loin des plaines enchantées de vertes prairies et le mirage léger de son Eldorado. Les flots l'entraînent en silence, et quand la Réalité le réveille il est aussi loin du but où il aspire que du rivage qu'il a quitté. Il ne peut plus ni poursuivre sa route ni revenir sur ses pas.

M. Delaunay, pale, exhausted with passion, leaning statue-like against a chair, delivers this wonderfully beautiful lament with a perfect articulation, added to a naturally perfect voice, which makes every syllable tell in spite of the low tone in which it is given.

To Octave, his roué friend, he confides his love, and Octave presses his suit with Marianne, who is his cousin. Marianne, who, though her window is the object of nightly serenades, is reputed a very dragon of

virtue, ends by attempting to make an assignation with Octave. Octave substitutes Célio in his place. Célio falls by the swords of Claudio's hired assassins, and the curtain falls on a despairing cry from Marianne (Mdlle. Favart) which, a fit conclusion to the misery of the whole, rings through the house like a death knell, at the rejection of her love by Octave. M. Delaunay's Célio is throughout the actual embodiment of the tenderness and the despair of a passion without hope, without relief; the beauty of his voice, heard now in the storm and rush of a mad tirade, now in the wailing broken accents of utter dejection; the wonderful art with which every gesture, every look, every intonation, is made to appear the spontaneous outpouring of a crashing heart, produce such an effect that one is inclined to exclaim in seeing him 'None but this man has ever really loved.' Mdlle Favart's delineation of the complex character of Marianne; of her icy reserve at first, her outbreak at Claudio's tyranny, her gradual yielding to a passion for Octave, her utter break-down at the conclusion, is one of this great artiste's masterpieces. Claudio, the husband, is played by M. Got with a terrible grim humour, which makes one doubt at times whether to laugh or to shudder; although his scene with his devoted and pedantic servitor Tibia, admirably represented by M. Coquelin, in which, after nagging at each other for some time, they get hopelessly involved in the labyrinth of Claudio's long train, is certainly exquisitely ludicrous. M. Bressaut's style is in some respects more finished than that of any of the troupe. He has not M. Delaunay's natural gift of voice, or M. Got's versatility; but he has a bearing, a noble presence, which we have seen equalled by no artist on the dramatic boards, and by two only on the lyric—Signor Mario and M. Faure. We have heard good critics accuse M. Bressaut of having become slow and tame, but those who have seen him play Octave will scarcely endorse this opinion. Like Fabrice in 'L'Aventurière,' Octave is a roué, but a roué of a totally different character. His disgust at life has resulted, not in the reserved and haughty manner of Fabrice, but in an exuberance of apparently senseless recklessness and gaiety, which, in reality assumed at first to cover the scars of passion and regret, has ended by becoming a part of the man. He gives that wonderful address to the bottle in the second act, the perfection of a Bacchic hymn in prose, not with the careless joviality of your ordinary hard drinker, but with a swing of steady enjoyment, as of a man who has looked well at life, and having concluded that the only way to make it a bearable sight is to contemplate it through the medium of wine, sets himself deliberately to work to attain this result. And yet all through, as M. Bressaut plays the part, you see the natural nobleness of the man, and to the impression of gloom left by the whole play is added the regret that Octave should have fallen so low. 'On ne badine pas avec l'Amour' affords even more scope for M. Delaunay and Mdlle. Favart than 'Les Caprices de Marianne,' and they make the very most of the play's capabilities. The last

scene, where Camille (Mdlle. Favart) goes out to see the cause of the shriek they hear, and comes back to lean against the door at the right hand with a mortal terror on her face, till she is roused by Perdican's trembling 'Eh bien ! Camille, qu'y a-t-il ?' to rush across the stage as though hunted by furies, to lean half dead against the door in the centre, to half whisper, half shriek, 'Elle est morte ? adieu, Perdican !' while Perdican cowers horror-stricken and speechless against the wall, produces so appalling an effect that a sigh of relief goes round the house when the curtain falls.

'Le Duc Job,' in itself an intensely dull play, is raised to a much higher place than on its own merits it deserves, by the marvellous acting of M. Got. His bearing is that of a nobleman, who, as you see from his first entrance, has served in the army. Misfortune and disappointment have led him to attempt a cynicism which his natural good humour is continually breaking through. His demeanour to Valette, the successful bourgeois financier, is perfectly kind and polite, yet perfectly disdainful. But the triumph of acting is attained in the scene in which he hears of his dearest friend's death. He stands at first as if unable to realise it; he is so absorbed in his unexpected grief that Valette's jarring remarks make no impression on him. Then come tender memories of the old days; the real nature of the man appears as he describes the sweetness of his friend's character; his voice falters, his eyes swim with tears; he attempts to fall back into a light manner, and to sing the fanfare he has been humming at intervals all through the piece, and for the moment he breaks down utterly. It is difficult to believe that the Duc Job whom we see thus torn with emotion is the same M. Got whom we have seen before as the ludicrous abbé.

Another brilliant performance, in which M. Got sustains almost the whole burden of the play, is the part of the speculator Mercadet; though perhaps this is not really so complete a test of dramatic power as 'Le Duc Job.' The problem is twofold: first to make the character credible, and then to make it interesting. Balzac's invention has carried the success of this man, who commands others by his unlimited belief in himself to the extremest bounds of possibility. Want of confidence and exaggeration would alike be fatal; but M. Got's complete self-possession, the rapid but not flurried versatility of his plans, make the spectator accept all Mercadet's feats with a faith that is absolute while the piece lasts. And he continues incidentally to give sufficient hints that out of the region of finance Mercadet is a real human being with kindly human feelings; so that we not only believe in Mercadet for the time, but sympathise with him. In the last scene, when his last and most daring plot is superseded by the return of the real Godeau from Calcutta 'avec une fortune—incalcuttable !' M. Got's expressions of bewilderment both in speech and in by-play are admirably executed, and bring to a happy conclusion one of the most lively and

amusing performances an English audience has ever had the fortune to see. In 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier' (by Émile Augier and Jules Sandeau) we have the commercial bourgeois presented to us by M. Got with no less subtlety and humour than the financier in Mercadet. We should like to say more of this piece, but must refrain lest we should be drawn into writing a monograph. M. Émile Augier has on the whole surpassed this in 'L'Aventurière;' but the character of Antoinette gives Mdle. Favart some splendid opportunities in particular scenes. M. Bressaut, too, is admirable, as he always is in a character where nobility of manner is essential. M. Coquelin's appearance as the injured cook is brief, but not to be forgotten. When, after discarding his *menu*, M. Poirier commits the final outrage on his feelings by talking of finding another servant in his place, he draws himself up to heroic stature, and his hair literally stands on end with indignation. His protest 'Monsieur, je suis cuisinier!' is more than comic; it has the Aristophanic magnificence.

Émile Augier's 'L'Aventurière,' already incidentally mentioned, has achieved a marked success in the London season of the Comédie Française. The success is in every way deserved; the play is excellent both in construction and in writing, and brings out the special powers of the actors with remarkable felicity. M. Bressaut, M. Coquelin, and Mdle. Favart, all find occasion to show their art in its highest exercise. M. Bressaut is Fabrice, the son of the house, who returns after a long soldier's life of material excitement and moral disappointment, honoured by the world, and sick of all its ways. He finds installed in his father's home the adventuress Doña Clorinde, who gives the title to the play, with her brother Don Annibal. These are Mdle. Favart and M. Coquelin. The action of the play turns on the devices by which Fabrice introduces himself as a stranger, and exposes the real character of the intruders. Doña Clorinde is a woman skilled in all the arts of fascination, with boundless ambition and boundless confidence in her own powers. Her last ambition has set her a more difficult task than any she has yet undertaken. She is tired of the precarious splendour of her past life, and longs to become respectable, to enjoy the supreme luxury of being thought more virtuous than her neighbours. This is the object of her intended marriage with Fabrice's father. Her plan is, however, from the first, not unmixed with a genuine aspiration for something higher than she has yet known—a desire to be the object of, and to return a true and lasting affection. The brother regards this as a very odd fancy, but raises no objection to a scheme which can only have the result of making him more comfortable. At the critical moment, when she is on the point of rejecting the brilliant temptation thrown in her way by Fabrice in furtherance of his plot, Doña Clorinde makes a sort of appeal for sympathy to the old man's daughter. But Célie is a rigidly virtuous young person, and repels the suppliant with merciless

propriety. This part was very skilfully played by Mdlle. Marie Royer, who assumed a hard constrained manner which contrasted admirably with Mdlle. Favart's passion. Doña Clorinde accepts this rebuff as a token that her attempt to make peace with the respectable world is futile; and repenting of her momentary change of purpose, she declares war anew on society in an outbreak of scorn and defiance, given by Mdlle. Favart with a power that roused the audience to genuine enthusiasm. The triumph of the adventuress is very short, but the tone of high disdain is kept up, even after her discomfiture. Defeated and disgraced, she taunts the conqueror with the means he has employed to gain his victory: and for a moment she succeeds in reversing the position of herself, and the father and son she has wronged. They actually stand abashed before her as she addresses them in the lines—

Eh bien ! vous m'écoutez tous deux la tête basse,
Et c'est moi qui m'en vais le front haut, moi qu'on chasse,
Moi pour qui l'on n'a pas de mots trop outrageants !
Allons ! relevez donc les yeux, honnêtes gens !

The bitterness of supreme contempt is thrown by Mdlle. Favart into this passage with wonderful force and reality: she excels in depicting all emotions, but we are inclined to fix on this as the dominion in which she is specially unrivalled. But presently Doña Clorinde is face to face with Fabrice alone. The peace of his own life has been ruined by some one of her kind, and he has come home in search of rest only to find this woman on the point of becoming the mistress of his father's house. Only this situation could justify either in fact or in act the language which Fabrice now holds to Doña Clorinde. She has been accustomed to lead men at her will; now at last she has met one of stronger will than her own. His presence overawes her; her daring and self-possession, so long sustained, gives way, and she sinks to the earth with an inarticulate cry of terror. Mdlle. Favart represents this sudden and complete revulsion, and the succeeding complex phases of feeling, with consummate power. Even in the midst of her fear, Doña Clorinde is overcome by respect and admiration for the first superior force she has encountered, and finds an unknown sense of repose in the subjection to a stronger personality; and she departs resigned and having attained something like rest of mind, though in a very different manner from that she had proposed.

M. Bressaut's Fabrice is the perfection of reserved acting. He shows a man to whom many early adventures and disappointments have given a premature habit of self-repression and an impassible demeanour. His feelings are barely allowed to indicate themselves against the constant background of sombre gravity; yet there is enough to tell an attentive observer that the outward uniformity does not truly correspond to the restless mind within. The part is one which calls for self-sacrifice from the actor; his truth to nature entails the risk

of being supposed dull and monotonous. Be this risk what it may, M. Bressaut has his reward in the judgment of those who can appreciate artistic power manifested in restraint as well as in free action.

M. Coquelin, too, is excellent in Don Annibal. The animal good humour and stupidity of the creature, not unmingled with a portion of cunning, are so perfectly represented, that one loses all sense of repulsion; though Don Annibal would unquestionably be a very repulsive person to meet. The scene in which Fabrice makes him drunk in order to attain information about himself and Doña Clorinde, is an admirable piece of comedy. M. Coquelin goes through all the stages of drunkenness with an irresistibly droll gravity; and when the process is complete, his helpless effusion and the grim satisfaction of Fabrice form a very perfect dramatic group.

M. Chéry's performance of Mont-Prade (Fabrice's father) must be noticed for his brilliant elocution in the opening scene. No one can deliver a long speech in verse with more variety and effect.

We have thus attempted to set down, however imperfectly, a specimen of the impressions derived from some of the most perfect exhibitions of art ever produced by the combination of exquisite instinct and elaborate skill. If our admiration for dramatic excellence seems unreasonable, we reply that we recognise no class distinctions in Art. Her worshippers must bear in mind that command of Dionysius, the father of the theatre: *δι ἀριθμῶν οὐδὲν αὖξασθαι θέλει*. It has been well nigh forgotten in England that acting is one of the fine arts at all; but the true dramatic artist should be judged by the same high standard, and win the same high praise as those who work in other kinds, though his work be less durable than theirs. Indeed, there is more need in his case that his praise should be recorded while memory is fresh, for there is nothing else to tell of him when he is gone. As for those who regard art as a mere pastime, there is no need to say that we do not write for them. The gifts of Art are not playthings to be toyed with or cast aside; her light should penetrate and illumine the daily round of our occupations. Our thanks are due to the artists who have now left us, not for having given London a new thing to talk of, not for certain hours of amusement and excitement, but for having contributed, as only true art can contribute, to enlarge and refine our life.

AUTUMN SONG.

THE great winds blew through the woods at noon,
 Late noon, when the sun was cold;
 Stray shifting breaths from the thin white moon
 Flew over the beds of marigold,
 And the one late rose forgotten of June.

Summer was dead—we both knew that,
 I and my song that loved the sun;
 We wanted to hear the brown bird's chat,
 And listened; but only one by one
 The red loose leaves fell down where we sat.

And Love was dead—we knew it well,
 Love who came with the buds in May;
 It were a sorrowful thing to tell
 How he sickened, and fell away
 Without one sigh, without one farewell.

There was an end of all sweet things, too—
 All rhymes, and laughter, and tender hours
 Dreamed out together, the lips that grew,
 Sighing a little, and sad, to ours—
 This also surely we knew.

We could not utter it, being alone,
 But the tears sprang up unaware,
 For the glad green spring, forgotten and flown,
 The tender touch of his hands and hair,
 And the new life, yet unknown.

FLORENCE K. BERGER.

OXFORD CHIT-CHAT.

THOSE members of the University whom chance or duty detain in Oxford keep an anxious eye on that manifold ditch, the Cherwell; and also on another tributary of old Father Thames not usually entered in geographical treatises, but of no small importance to the western side of our city—the river Pactolus.

How Fred. Faber ever screwed his muse up to the pitch of writing encomiastic verse on a stream whose bottom contains ten feet of seething odour, the surface of which too is so vile, that it does but disgust, defile, and infect a whole population, is indeed a marvel. The 'Cherwell water-lily' is a plant of singular odour, whilst the nymph of that foul wave could only be drawn as Nemesis. Sir Benjamin Brodie, professor of chemistry, and son of her Majesty's faithful servant and *accoucheur*, has purchased a house on its banks, enjoying the most scientific advantage in respect of smells. Fancy how a mind ardent after truth must enjoy the thousand varieties of effluvia which, with charming sequence and rapidity, follow each other day after day in the autumn. Such an opportunity for 'improvement' does not often occur to a professor. More is it than the drift to the antiquary, or the megatherium to the geologist. If it be true that there is no rose without its thorn, unhappily, also, the cause of science not infrequently involves the existence of a nuisance. On the whole in this instance ignorance is bliss, and the freedom to walk over Magdalen Bridge, without a scented mouchoir to lull one's olfactory nerves, better than many 'ologies.

Mr. Frank Buckland, as befitting a member of 'the House,' has attacked the river Pactolus. He informs the public through the medium of print, that if it wasn't for the fish, this humble tributary would simply poison all Oxford. Now, admitted that Pactolus is nothing more than liquid manure, and that the denizens of Christ Church don't require that substance to make them grow; granted further that this auriferous streamlet does even in slushy winter out-Cologne Cologne; still there is a secret not yet revealed with regard to much accused Pactolus. The 'Dark Blue' shall have it. When a soft west wind blows, you may stand in Christ Church, or Merton

meadow ; you may spatiate as far along the Iffley road as you can find a house ; you may, in short, walk a couple of miles *with the wind*, and all the way you will blaspheme Pactolus. Friend of the sensitive nostril, you are vilipending a harmless sewer ! You do not smell Pactolus, which is never redolent beyond a radius of one-eighth of a mile ; you smell *the Oxford Gas Works*, and of all the nasty stenchs ever contrived by an Oxford citizen, those gas-works are the worst. Nasty, very nasty, is every branch of the Cherwell ; dead-doggy and befouled is Isis ; venomous is Pactolus ; crawling with insect life is the railway-cutting pond which supplies Oxford with water, but the gas works, in respect of stink, are—simply —.

On July 22, St. Mary Magdalen's day, the college which is adorned by the name of that saint held its 'Gaudy.' To the uninitiated it may be not amiss to explain that this word 'Gaudy' is derived from Gaud day, i.e. day of rejoicing. The Gaudy somehow has suffered not merely etymological corruption ; it has changed in another respect, for instead of being as of old gaud-day, it is now gaud-night, the rejoicing being done through the instrumentality of the college *chef*, an *artiste* of no mean capacity. The Emperor of Brazil was in Oxford on that day, but either he wasn't asked, or he declined the college feed. If the latter, his Majesty was a goose ; for apart from a really excellent dinner, with vintage wines, the Magdalen Gaudy is the most complete modernisation of mediævalism conceivable. True it is that the bright clean hall is one mass of rare exotics not dreamt of in the days of Waynflete. True also that, bar the haunches of venison from the college park, which adorn the festive board, civilisation demands, and is treated to *diner à la Russe*. There we cannot be mediæval. The practice of the monk-fellows of earlier days was to eat sufficient flesh meat on this solemn occasion to last them to the ensuing feast of St. Michael, and therefore they liked to see before their eyes the huge barons of beef and entire animals, which invited repletion. We cannot retrogress quite so far back into history and deglutition as to exceed on beef in July, or to eat with our fingers. Nevertheless, the graceful portion of our ancestors' habits is better worth retaining than people who have not dined at a gaudy can well imagine. The members of the foundation are waited upon by the chorister boys, who, by the way, are much better up to their duties than scouts. After quite an adequate feed for a robust working-man, there is a solemn pause in the proceedings, and, presto, enter the junior fellow, very hungry indeed, with a roll of paper in his hand. Advancing graciously toward the high table, he bows to the President, and straightway delivers *ore rotundo* a Latin speech, laudatory of Waynflete, Wolsey, Pole ; black-guarding Gibbon of course—he was a naughty man—civil to Addison, and trying to rake up any Magdalen celebrity since Addison, which is rather difficult. This over, everyone, including the hungry man, falls too with a fresh appetite, and, after many agreeables, grace is pro-

claimed by a chorister, who, oddly enough, has up to this point eaten nothing, and the choir render gloriously old Benjamin Rogers' music, the priest's part being taken by the prima donna of the trebles, who pockets largesse in consequence. This performance occupies some ten minutes, after which the 'grace-cup' is passed round, each drinker being supported by a man on each side, and one in front—lest perchance he should be stabbed in the act of drinking, a mediæval fact—and afterward up rises the President and utters some very apposite compliments to the chief guests present, viz. Samuel D. G. Eps. Wineton, and as such visitor of the college. Straightway the choir fire off 'Floreat Magdalina,' music by John Stainer, Mus. Doc.; and then uprises his lordship of Wineton, and butters everybody and everything sweetly and rhetorically. His lordship is alternately grave and gay, symbolising the truth that he is a bishop, and at the same time the guest of a very festive institution. Hirn follows in a speech of rare wit, delivered amazingly well, one who never after this pleasant dinner shall utter many more pleasant speeches—Henry Longueville Mansell, Dean of St. Paul's, once reader in logic to Magdalen. It is most sad to think that the voice that spoke then so cheerily is for ever silent. *Omnia vanitas!* Ay, even so harmless and so beautiful an ancient rite as Magdalen Gaudy.

Our beautiful city during the autumn months is much frequented by our American cousins. Now we are sincerely desirous of the esteem and friendship of our transatlantic relatives. The old ignorant prejudice against 'Yankees' is happily at an end. We have learnt that they are men of marvellous intelligence and capacity—vastly superior to the British average. Our woman-kind has to confess that the Yankee girls exceed our own in 'style,' and equal them in beauty. Their broad cosmopolitan notions are fresh and invigorating, and—to speak the truth—we are always nervous as to what they will think, say, and write of our very vaunted institutions. As far as Oxford is concerned they come, and they view the place, and they leave. Their only informant on any point of interest is some illiterate guide, who when facts are weak in his brain, draws freely on his not over-brilliant imagination. Many an M.A. would gladly devote a morning or afternoon to entertaining these strangers—often people of distinction in their own state—if it were not that the custom of society forbids it. At the same time, it may be a good suggestion that M.A.s willing to do this little for the honour of Oxford during the dull long night send their names to the American Embassy, and offer to be introduced to the strangers from 'The States' who visit Oxford, with a view to showing the place; and it would be well, if heads of colleges put some limit on the extortion of tips for viewing chapels, halls, libraries, and all the glories of this great University.

Hurrah! The 'Dark Blue' has done one service to Oxford. Our local board, shamed by the notice we gave of the obstruction caused by

the Warden of Wadham's posts, have actually had the pluck to pull them down. May the shade of Benjamin Parsons Symonds be none the less! Little remains now but for the road to be converted from a quagmire to the principle of Macadam. Positively there may be access to Keble and to the museum during the present century. Think of being able to drive up to the gate of the most costly of our academic buildings! How we do progress! Perhaps the local board, after this sudden exhibition of liveliness, may do something towards stamping out small-pox and warding off the cholera. If not, we shall assuredly have a very ugly 'fall' to this year 1871.

To L. M. P.

Ah! pure and lovely flower of maidenhood,
 Low rests thy head
 On Earth's cold breast, but not in holy rood
 Is thy dark bed.

A few short hours life struggled with the foe,
 Whose icy chain
 Crept swift o'er heart and dainty limbs and brow,
 And stilled thy pain.

Gold were thy tresses laid on softest snow,
 Thine eyes' blue light
 Like morning skies, thy speech the rippling flow
 Of waters bright.

Thy first true love given to thy childhood's friend
 Hath all too soon,
 Bankrupt in joy, left him his way to wend
 Through life's hot noon.

Fast by the busy haunts of restless men
 Thou liest alone:
 Lover and friend are out of sight and ken
 Till time be done.

Thou shouldst have lain 'neath thyme and heather flowers,
 Taking thy rest
 Where sunbeams fall, and holy moonlight showers
 On mountain crest.

Or where the mists curl soft round fern and oak,
 And birches wave,
 Not under heavy pall of murk and smoke
 Should be thy grave.

But here, beloved, we must leave thy dust
 Beneath the sod,
 Thy soul through love ineffable we trust
 In Christ to God.

ELISABETH WILSON-BLOCK.

IN TOWN.

LONDON in August—and more especially in such an August as we have just had, when all the heat and dust and drought which should have come to us in June and July seemed to be concentrated into one burning focus—London in August is almost insupportable. Through long miles of sun-glaring passenger-deserted streets, where the strips of shadow are few and far between, and where the only signs of freshness are oases of dust churned into mud round the pump whence the water-carts are filled, the unfortunate man who is compelled to remain in this Gehenna of the sewers wends his way. Past butchers' shops, which, always horrible to the eye, are now offensive to the nose; past fishmongers, where the great slate slabs, now void of their usual occupants, remind one unpleasantly of the Morgue; past vagabond dogs that sit at the corner of the streets, beating the pavement with their tails, and putting out their tongues as though they were in the presence of a physician, or wander about casting hungry glances at the calves and ankles of the passers-by in a manner strongly suggestive of hydrophobia. I wonder what place of public resort is favoured by the crossing-sweepers, for all those with whom I have a bowing acquaintance have gone out of town; so has the proprietor of that Punch's show, on the shelf of which the dog 'Toby,' many sizes too large for the proscenium, and in utter annihilation of all laws of perspective, sits and smokes a pipe at his master's bidding; so has the Hansom cabman with the curly-brimmed hat and the large whiskers, who is own brother to the celebrated tragedian, and who, I remember, told me he was in the habit of spending his annual holiday at Margate, where he lay upon a sofa and read novels. I wonder whose novels he reads, and whether I have ever had the honour of contributing to his amusement.

This would be a bad time to be taken ill, unless one were prepared to put up with the services of a chance practitioner, for all the great guns of medical science have gone off more than a week ago. You may walk from one end of Savile Row to the other and see nothing but closed shutters. The dining-room where the patients in the morning occupy the old-fashioned black horse-hair chairs,

glaring solemnly before them, and each wondering what is the matter with the other, is now closed and locked. Those delightful books, the 'Court Guide' for the year before last, the volume of 'Bentley's Miscellany' for 1849, the 'Life of Captain Hedley Vicars,' the 'Handbook to Whitby,' and the two odd monthly parts of the 'Leisure Hour,' which are usually scattered about for the patients' delectation, are now piled together in the centre of the table and covered with the ink-spotted green cloth, on which they usually rest. The doctor's sanctum is topsy-turvy, the chair of torture in which you sit while undergoing the professional scrutiny is turned upside down in a corner, the great inkstand is dry, and all the instruments are securely locked away, save one stethoscope accidentally left out, which affords intense delight to the children of Mr. Nankivil, who is keeping house during the absence of the family, the said children playing at being doctors, by looking at each other through it, and prescribing for each other's remedies large numbers of bread-pills. The doctor's servant, whom you know in raven black, with a soft voice and a confidential manner, would scarcely be recognised as the man who pulls a strong oar, who has taken lodgings for a fortnight up at Sunbury, who is never to be seen out of a suit of flannels and a straw hat; while the dentist's principal assistant is at Boulogne, and enters freely into all French pursuits with the exception of dominoes, which he declares remind him too strongly of his professional avocation. Wide spread indeed are the disciples of Galen! Little Dr. Quail, whose ear is generally fixed tightly at the end of a stethoscope listening to his patient's respiration, now has that organ cocked to its fullest extent, waiting for the warning cry of 'Mark, over!' while Sir Paracelsus Fleem, who is as clever with a breech-loader as with a lancet, is entertaining a select company of friends at his shooting-box in Scotland, and supplying with grouse the table of Dr. Martext, whom he has left in charge of his patients during his absence, and who on his friend's return will set off to enjoy his holiday amongst the German and Italian picture galleries.

Long since, the clients, the attorneys, and all, from the solemn judges to the shrill-voiced ushers, have said 'good-bye to the bar and its moaning,' as Mr. Kingsley has it. The Law Courts are hermetically sealed, and the oak at all the chambers from Paper Buildings to Thavies Inn is duly sported. Foreign shores claim more than their due proportion of the British Bar. At this moment Switzerland teems with youth whose names have been recently inscribed in that light and airy publication, the 'Law List,' and who are giving vent, by no means bashfully, to the sentiments which inspire them, clothed in what they imagine to be the French language, but which is really the idiom of Lincoln's Inn and the accent of Chancery Lane. No French needs to be spoken in the cosy little coterie at Spa, where Sir Thomas and Lady Minor, Mr. Justice Rhadamanthus, Mr. Tocsin, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Blewbagge, and others have their daily walks and their nightly whist,

and during both walks and whist interchange perpetual professional opinions, and try to get the better of each other in legal argument. Ethelred Jinks, who is a wit as well as a circuit leader, and whose stock of full-flavoured stories is apparently endless, is staying with the Duke and Duchess of Tantallon at their castle in the Highlands, and contributing to the amusement of their guests; while Matchkin and Hobbs' Common Law, who sings comic songs and accompanies himself on the tea tray, has gone down from Friday till Tuesday to stop at Margate with Buffles and Wilkes's Chancery, temporarily there resident, and will be the life and soul of the picnic at Pegwell Bay.

And the clergy are off too! There is an astonishingly large number of country clergymen who believe they only want the chance of reading and preaching in London to be at once selected for positions of dignity and emolument. And they are very much astonished when, this chance has been afforded to them, that dignity and emolument do not at once ensue. This is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that the chances of thus distinguishing themselves generally occur to them in August and September when the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, and other patrons of large benefices, are usually away from London.

It is astonishing what a large number of pulpits, with the usual occupants of which one is more or less familiar, one finds tenanted by strangers in the early autumn. The regular occupants make holiday like the rest of mankind. They rarely go abroad, being, like their barrister brethren, unversed in foreign tongues, but, unlike their barrister brethren, being bashful in attempting them. They go to the quieter seashores—to the coast of Devon and South Wales. Whitby is a great place for them; you may see them there in shoals, and it is amusing to watch their attempts at disguise, and their astonishment at detection. As though a man in an alpaca overcoat, a soft wide-awake, and a pair of speckled silk gloves, could be anything but a British parson out for a holiday!

Of course the artists are all away. Kensington and St. John's Wood abodes of painters with wife and olive branches, are deserted. Goweria, Berners-cum-Howland, and other bachelor artist quarters, are even as Tadmor. And literature, in the persons of the young lions of the 'Daily Telegraph,' has also gone afield. The gentleman who is so intimate with dukes, and whose writings savour partly of the fifth-rate sporting novelist, partly of the broken-down valet of a bill discounter of thirty years ago, is away at the gambling-houses on the Rhine, making the world acquainted with the names of the plungers, legs, and *hetairæ*, who there do congregate. Others are there going on cars through Connemara, bathing at Ramsgate, yachting at Ryde, fishing at Glendalough, or shooting on the sides of Ben-muich-Dhui, but imparting to all their descriptions the true cockney flavour so dear to the occupants of the omnibus knife-boards, to whose tastes they are addressed,

Gone, too, are the *Dii majores* of journalism, as may be easily seen by the perfunctory manner in which the newspapers are edited, and the slipshod style in which they are written. One publicist only is there who never has a holiday, and that is the Court Newsman. When he drops Windsor, he takes up Osborne; and in the dullest time of the year he has still to chronicle the doings of Balmoral, the visits to the Luin of Dee and the Luin of Quoich, the attendance at the parish church of Crathie, and the names of those who have honour of invitations to the Royal Highland home.

Actors, too, rush away, like the rest of us. Did we not read that the 'continued excessive heat of the weather' obliged Mr. Sothern to suspend his performances, and have we not seen in that excellent theatrical journal, the 'Era,' that our most noted amusers are refreshing themselves by the sad sea waves, and temporarily forgetting that there are such things as hares' feet, rouge, powdered wigs, and crowded audiences? As it is with the gentlemen in black cloth, so is it with their brethren in motley. During the interregnum, country stars shine in the London firmament, and Mr. Stentor from Bradford, or Mr. McSnaffle, the great Australian comic illustrator, reigns supreme in localities at other times devoted to people of a more wide-spread reputation.

See, here have I, during this long tirade, while professedly gossiping upon persons and matters in town, been dilating upon the movements of those who have been fortunate enough to escape from it. Of those who are left there is not indeed much to say. Such of the clubs as are not given up to painters and white-washers, are mere dungeons of dreariness, where the hall-porter thinks it scarcely worth while to inscribe your name in the attendance list, and where the waiters regard you with a scarcely concealed contempt. It is of no use flying away for the day, for there is nowhere to fly to, every place of accustomed resort appearing under abnormal circumstances. Greenwich is still left, it is true, but the whitebait are as large as soles, and the German waiters gather into a corner of the vast coffee-room, and are apparently playing at some national game instead of attending to their visitors. Richmond has not moved off, but tea-cups seem to have taken the place of Moselle cups, and the road in front of the 'Star and Garter' is lined with vans instead of drags. Besides, town, when you do return to it, seems even hotter, closer, and more odoriferous than when you left it; and the glimpse of cockney country only reminds you in melancholy fashion of the rustic glories which are being enjoyed by others further afield. A dinner at the Crystal Palace, and a stroll in the grounds when all the shilling visitors have departed, is the one resource left under the circumstances, and even that stands out badly in comparison with one's recollection of former banquets, at which certain pleasant people have assisted in the earlier part of the season.

Of course, anyone venturing into a theatre at such a time of year, and in such weather, should be prepared for anything he meets with, even though that anything be a gentleman who, leaving London some years ago, when he had the position of a fourth-rate actor, finds our stage in such a degraded state, that he is compelled to come back from the scene of his transatlantic triumphs merely to show us how the legitimate drama ought to be played. This gentleman is Mr. Walter Montgomery, who has succeeded in ventilating the Gaiety Theatre during the absence of its regular company. Mr. Montgomery has been playing a round of legitimate characters, in which his best appearance was as 'Louis XI.,' his worst as 'Hamlet.' If he had not puffed himself so grandiloquently, he would have been more popular; as it is, his performance was nothing equal to his promise. But we will forget Mr. Montgomery, and even excuse the vividly green tights which he wore, as Orlando, for his introduction to the London public of Miss Ada Cavendish as Rosalind, a performance which was singularly graceful and meritorious. This young lady seems to us never to have had proper public recognition of her undoubted talent. At the present day, when a handsome and classical but passionless and immobile face is sufficient to cause its owner to take rank as our leading exponent of dramatic art, it is something to find a lady who, with good looks, combines a sufficiency of brain to comprehend Shakespeare's creations, an appearance to embody them, and a pleasant voice to give utterance to the noble language with which they are endowed.

EDMUND YATES.

MR. MILLER'S 'SONGS OF THE SIERRAS.'

A TRUE singer from the New World has lately come with a boon to us here in the Old—

A beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth—

a poet so brave, so rich in the fine gold of thought and varying emotion, so faithful in his searchings after ideal beauty, so saturated with the splendours of the tropic woods and mountains among which he has drawn breath, that every man whose soul has any glow of love in it must needs lift voice and hand to welcome him. Joaquin Miller is the first real poet to whom Western America has given birth. Other men have attempted to sing, but there has been no fervour in them. This man has sung, because his heart was brimmed with passion and his brain burthened with dreams. And he is a genuine product of his country—no exotic, no counterfeit. Most poets of America have written of her as Europeans might, have looked at her with almost alien eyes, not in anywise closely identifying themselves with her young chaotic existence. Even Whitman stands aloof, philosophising about her, dreaming of her destiny, too strong to be informed with her passions. This poet has been at the mercy of impulses which enthral her, has been borne up and tossed to and fro upon her tide of life as a weed on the billows or a bird on the winds. He is not indeed the voice of the whole people—who could in his single self represent a motley and amorphous nation which has hardly yet a personality of its own?—but of some of their characteristic movements he is the first and only representative. For nearly three centuries the English race has been pushing westward over the vast American continent, absorbing or annihilating all who previously occupied its prodigal soil. Little more than twenty years ago its vanguard that then was burst through the Sierra Nevada to people the fairest region of the Pacific shores. To this all-golden territory came thronging men from every

quarter of the globe, of the worst and of the best, of every character and clime; and here to-day, at the hoar age of the world, civilisation and barbarism, strangely commingling, present a spectacle as unique as anything recorded in any history. Here the waves of the old order and the new have met and broken over one another in wild confusion. Here ancient tribes, whose cradle no tradition knows, are shrivelling in swift decay, and young races, strong and lusty and full of hope, making ready to build their habitations upon their graves. Here old faiths are dying, new religions are being formed and developed, the newest and eldest dreams of moral grandeur and loveliness are jumbled. Here, working shoulder to shoulder, are men and women of every blood, by influences, rare in their strength and in their combination, braced and stimulated to an unparalleled activity of hand and brain. Here the advanced culture of to-day and the crude simplicity of patriarchal and heroic times are woven together in one woof. In the midst of this chaos, from which a new order is arising with a marvellous rapidity of growth, there happens to have been born a man more gifted with sensibility and imagination than some hundreds of thousands of his fellows, who has been impelled by special circumstances to cultivate these gifts in a certain direction. And here is the result—this book of 'Songs of the Sierras.' The abnormal state of things has found a voice. The Far West with this book lays the foundation of all the poetical renown it is to achieve now and hereafter.

And never was the life of a country or period more faithfully depicted in any work of imagination. Such confusion of passion and of thought, such prodigal outpouring of intellectual wealth, so much power with so little culture, so much beauty with such rugged disorder, such apparent contradictoriness in morality and religion, such aspirations and regrets, such reverence for the old and revellings in the new, one would elsewhere seek in vain. But only those who are familiar, from personal experience or otherwise, with the actual aspects of the Pacific Border community can fully measure the wonderful truth and accuracy of the poetry as its interpretation or reflection. The life of the European gold-digger seeking other lands for gain, and returning to his old-world home with hoarded spoil; the life of the young ardent Western American, eager for adventure, discovery, and new strange conquests; the hopeless struggle of the Red man with the White; the diverse toils and labours and enterprises; the changing face of the country under the hand of the colonist; the loves, the hates, the lawless passions; the feasts and mournings; the gatherings of adventurers, outcasts, outlaws, from the four regions of the winds; the hopes and aspirations of the pioneers of the eastern peoples; the scenery of the mountains and prairies and sun-filled sea: all these things we behold here as in a burnished mirror held up to us by magic hands; and the very turmoil and incongruity of the images are the crowning characteristics of the reality.

In the poem headed 'With Walker in Nicaragua' he narrates many of his own experiences. He has fought against the Indians in that war of extermination which seems the dire necessity of our paramount race. He has sympathised keenly with those very people, and even a little lived among them. Some years ago he conducted a large party of adventurers from the South Pacific to the North Pacific mines, and founded a colony in the wilderness, hundreds of miles from any settlement; there he was attacked by the Indians, against whom he led the fighting men, and was defeated—defeated, but not, it appears, disgraced; for as soon as the State was established he was chosen judge of the district; he planted there and watered, and turned the attention of the colony to farming and stock-raising after the gold mines were exhausted. He has been co-operative in the intellectual movements as well as in the material, has been of the Western city as well as of the Western wilderness. And it will add still more to the book's interest in the eyes of many readers to know that not only the scenery and the life described are real, but that many—perhaps all—of the characters he has attempted to depict are men and women who have dwelt in the West, and contributed in greater measure or less to the moulding of its history. Some of these live, and are well known to-day along the Pacific border.

But historical interest, such as this, is, after all, a minor and altogether subordinate element in the works of a poet. His functions are grander than those of a mere pictorial chronicler. We demand of him not only truth, but the beauty which abides in truth; not only reality, but the ideal which slumbers under the crust of the real; not only what is or what has been, but visions of what may be; not only large purposes, but skill and care and beauty in the working of them into form; not only the poet's warm blood, but the right and splendid use of the priceless possessions of the poet.

There can be no question of the genuineness of the nature from which the poems have flowed. The first thing about them which attracts is, doubtless, their novelty of subject and imagery; for we have not hitherto had any writer who, living in the utmost West, and moulded by its influences, has offered us any like gift of song; and it is a fresh and delicious experience to be brought face to face with the life and beauty of lands where the slough of minds has not accumulated, and Nature tells more of God's life than of man's. But such mere novelty would in itself be powerless to produce the pleasure they yield. Poetry reveals all things through the poet's peculiar nature, which subdues them to hues of its own, as the green wave the white rocks under it, and it is because we feel the subjects he sings of through Mr. Miller's own soul, and this is the soul of a fervent poet, that they assume so great a vividness and beauty for us. We are conscious at the first breath that we are in the presence of a God-moulded poet-mind. The air of poetry greets us like a sea-smelling wind as we

cross the seaward mountains. The first demand of literary criticism is satisfied. The singer has a right to sing, because his nature has impelled him. But in mere manner the poems are notably defective. It does not require any minute examination to detect imperfections of workmanship so gross and so abundant that they would be deemed unpardonable in the writings of any man born in a different sphere of circumstances. They are pardonable here, and the worst are not so heinous as the affected subtleties and vacant wordiness of many ephemeral English versifiers who are suffered to babble among us unrebuked. Mr. Miller has not been suckled by criticism. His spontaneity has not been crushed by that sorry study of other men's opinions of what poetry *ought* to be which produces among poets of the hour so much unjoyous, deadening self-consciousness. He has not been taught by criticism rules by which an ordinary intelligence can elaborate the most brilliant counterfeits of song; and the conventional and fastidious critic will sometimes find it hard to reconcile with his critical canons the fact that he feels the influence of true poetry when those canons are most freely set at nought; he will perhaps perceive that artificiality is not art. But some good things, which among us Mr. Miller would perhaps have learned early, he has not yet learned. Such faults as the frequent recurrence of false and even ludicrous rhymes, are trivial. They are partly the result of insufficient practice, and partly of the carelessness of a free and impetuous intellect. But there are graver faults of workmanship, which Mr. Miller's love of beauty will impel him in the future to shun, and he has not yet attained that consummate mastery over the materials he works with which is essential to greatness in all arts.

We are perpetually stumbling over lines with an excess of quantity, which no man could scan by any rule of prosody, known or to be known. Such lines are sometimes powerful, and vary the monotony of the rhythms. But they themselves assume a monotony, and hurt the ear and the mouth. It is strange, too, to find a man who scorns conventional trammels, and is so free from the period's dreariest literary influences, becoming the thrall of mannerisms. Among these is that excess of alliteration—a barbarism long banished from our literature—cherished of late years by a school which might rejoice in the phrase-loving Polonius as its patron.

It is perhaps owing to an excessive love of such tricks of style, and, in general, too close (but eccentric) attention to small details, that Mr. Miller is sometimes betrayed into a still more serious error. His grasp of his subjects as wholes seldom appears so firm as he has power to make it, and horse and rider seem hardly yet to know one another well enough for free riding. The vigorous imagination is plastic; it maps out the plots of its stories; conceives its characters, and moulds them to a rounded form; sketches their lines of movement, and marks the places of their entrance and egress; appoints the moments at which they are

to cross one another; arranges the development and culmination of the events which are to influence them—projects its total design, before ever it demands of the hand to cast it in tangible substance. It is impossible to rise to build noble structures by devoting one's chief care to the chiselling of beautiful tympana or fantastic gargoyles—time enough to descend to matters of decoration when the main edifice is planned. We have little evidence of the greater workings of the imagination here. The best conceived stories are the 'Tale of the Tall Alcalde' and 'Arazonian,' and 'Ina' as a dramatic piece is not artistically completed. But 'Californian' and 'The Last Taschastas' are fragments strung together with just sufficient skill to give their arrangement the semblance of unity, and 'With Walker in Nicaragua' is correct in form because it does not purport to be more than a series of fragmentary reminiscences. If 'Arazonian' and the 'Tale of the Tall Alcalde' are among Mr. Miller's latest productions, there is no apparent danger of his constructive imagination growing weaker or more uncertain. Nor does Mr. Miller seem one likely to suffer this impediment to greatness to stand long in his way.

Again, there is sometimes an absence of passion in the lines, the rhythm and all sweet cadences are lost, the poetry assumes the lameness of conversational prose. This is a fault which sometimes springs from a very honest realism, and a love of simplicity stronger in Mr. Miller than any passion for dandiacal extravagances; but more frequently from the same abject devotion to minute word-patterns, the same Chinese elaboration of tiny prettinesses. There are graceful gestures of the hand, there are graceful curvings of the arms, but seldom any dominant feeling gives beauty or majesty to the attitude of the whole body. Mr. Miller has been accused of imitating Byron. Nowhere in his book do we find verse of that volume and steadiness of movement which is the power in Byron's poetry that sways us. Here, however, Mr. Miller is not singular. No verse of this day has the freedom and pervading passion of the verse of the last generation of poets; passion, force, energy, volubility, are sacrificed to mere eccentricity of form and verbal conceits; everything is aimed at but the highest object—free and unaffected utterance of great passions and great imaginings. It is not so very long since Lessing strove to remove the misconception, common in his day, of the legitimate provinces of poetry and plastic art. He did release poetry then from a miserable bondage, and, for a season, lent new impetus to the writers who followed him. But to-day, from a new confusion of thought about the arts (springing, strangely enough, from an enlarged view of art generally), we fall into a new misunderstanding of the *ut pictura poesis* more deadly than the first; we would do in poetry what only the painter can do with brush and canvas. We would produce with word-rhythms effects only to be produced by the skilled musician with his multitudinous harmonies. While we recognise the close kinship of

the arts, let us still distinguish well their peculiar and inalienable functions. The limning of objects of sight in words is a subordinate business of poetry; the utterance of definite passion and passionate thought is its cardinal duty; and he who turns about in the midst of passionate writing to describe minutely every colour in a peacock's neck, or tiny articulation of a leaf's edge, is blind to the highest offices of his art. The greatest narrative poets of our country, Scott and Byron—the greatest dramatic poets, Shakespeare and Shelley—have always an unbroken tide of utterance. So, too, has the one epic poet of England, Milton. This fervency of utterance would be called by certain critics of this day 'rhetoric.' What they would call rhetoric, however, merits no such name. Let them look again to the distinguishing feature of the arts. It is simply the full river of real and sincere passion, curving and careering with a natural impetuosity—passion stimulated by the consciousness of the great theme which burthens the poet's imagination, and which he would worthily celebrate. Sometimes Mr. Miller's verse does attain this volume and fulness; but usually the passion comes in fitful puffs, the verse is broken and disjointed. It is because he dallies in his march to the mountain-heights to bathe his hands and moisten his lips at every little fountain in the way.

And there is in these poems one more feature observable which is on the verge of being a flaw, namely a degree too much sameness in the plots, incidents, and even characters. Truly as each one of them represents life in the Pacific States, the resemblance in the outlines of the stories, and the frequent reappearance of one dominant personage, are defects which, when such an abundance of material lay ready to hand, might never have been permitted to mar such excellent work.

But if Mr. Miller did not, in a crowd of instances, prove that he is a true artist, a sincere lover of beauty and perfection, it would not be worth while to draw his attention to these faults. They are slight when weighed against the higher qualities of the book. For we have here a treasure beyond all price—the presence of an altogether new personality, one peculiar in its constitution, and in its suggestiveness full of rare interest and attraction. From the phalanx of verse-writers, as long as the Atlantic wave, he steps out as one of the few *true* men whose making has been more God's doing than their own. His originality and independence are splendid. I have observed that he has been accused of imitating Byron. It is a weakness of critics to father every new poet on some well-known predecessor. All true poets are as like one another as the oaks of the forest; they are of one race, one family. Of course there are resemblances to Byron here, and the observant critic has probably been led to expect them from finding that the poet has chanted the praise of Byron in the lyric with which the book concludes. But resemblances to other poets may, in a young writer, coexist with the utmost independence and supreme originality. There has been no poet who could not be so fathered on some master.

Shakespeare might as justly be accused of imitating Marlowe—he, 'the crow with the stolen feathers,' had we not better write him down plagiarist? Dante, as different from Virgil as Erebus from earth, did not fear to own the mild Mantuan his master and inspirer. Milton might be—has been—charged with thieving from every great poet who had lived before his day. Scott imitated a style struck out by Coleridge. Coleridge had been inspired by the obscure poet Bowles. Byron and Moore imitated Scott. Shelley was not without obligation to Byron and Wordsworth—nay, in early years, even to Moore. Mr. Tennyson shows on his wings the pollen of Keats and Wordsworth. Mr. Swinburne—of whose great originality there can be no question—bears indelible traces of the influence of Mr. Browning in ideas and rhythms, no less than of certain French poets, and of Shelley; and some metres which are identified with his most characteristic moods of feeling were favourites with one whom he would probably little reverence—the author of the 'Olney Hymns.' To adopt a metre which another poet has found elsewhere, but stamped with his own seal, to embody with original writing some of his pet phrases, to take into a man's self some of the spirit of a ruling writer, are with a young poet inevitable failings, but are no token or sign of any inherent weakness or poverty. Whether under all a new mind works, it is not hard to detect, and strong men soon shake off the badges of their schools. If we find in Mr. Miller's poetry metres or phrases, or some faint semblance of the spirit, of Byron, or even of Mr. Swinburne, what is the extent of his obligation to either of these poets? The whole bearing and influence of his book are antagonistic to the main spirit and style of both. His originality he has fully established. He may live unruffled by any charges of pilage or obligation.

The few and slight sketches of character which he has given us—such, for example, as that of Walker—indicate the existence of a subtle power of observing those special traits of mind and soul which combine to form the general idea of a man. Such power is an element in what we designate the dramatic faculty, but does not alone constitute it, and whether Mr. Miller possesses the dramatic faculty in any large measure it is not yet easy to conjecture. He himself, however, has suggested the question. 'Ina'—which one cannot help regarding as the poem of all others which shows the amplest promise, being, as it is, filled with bold philosophy, and thoughts and passions, which, though unrefined ore, heaved from the mine and thrown in a heap, are most rich, varied, genuine, and spontaneous—'Ina,' with the likeness of dramatic form, in nowise aims at being a drama, having neither action, plot, interest, nor much *development* of character. Yet the persons, if not complex, are at least distinct each from each: they early exhibit their distinguishing traits, and their utterances are thenceforward characteristic. Lamonte, Don Carlos, Ina, are separate and interesting individualities; and the putting of the poem beginning 'Alas the sight

I saw that night' into the mouth of a 'small, gray, gesticulating Frenchman,' is one of several prominent marks of a half-conscious dramatic instinct. There are evidences of the same power also in 'Arazonian' and the 'Tale of the Tall Alcalde.' But whether Mr. Miller's prevailing tastes will lead him to the particular cultivation of this faculty, or whether it is strong enough in him to make it advisable for him to do so, or whether it is worth any man's while in these evil days to cast his thought and feeling into dramatic mould if any other medium of utterance is at his command, it is not necessary here to try to determine. His apparent difficulty in grasping large and complex subjects would be an obstacle in his way, past question. But for nearly all the purposes of varied narrative and lyric poetry he has evidently quite as much of the faculty as he may need.

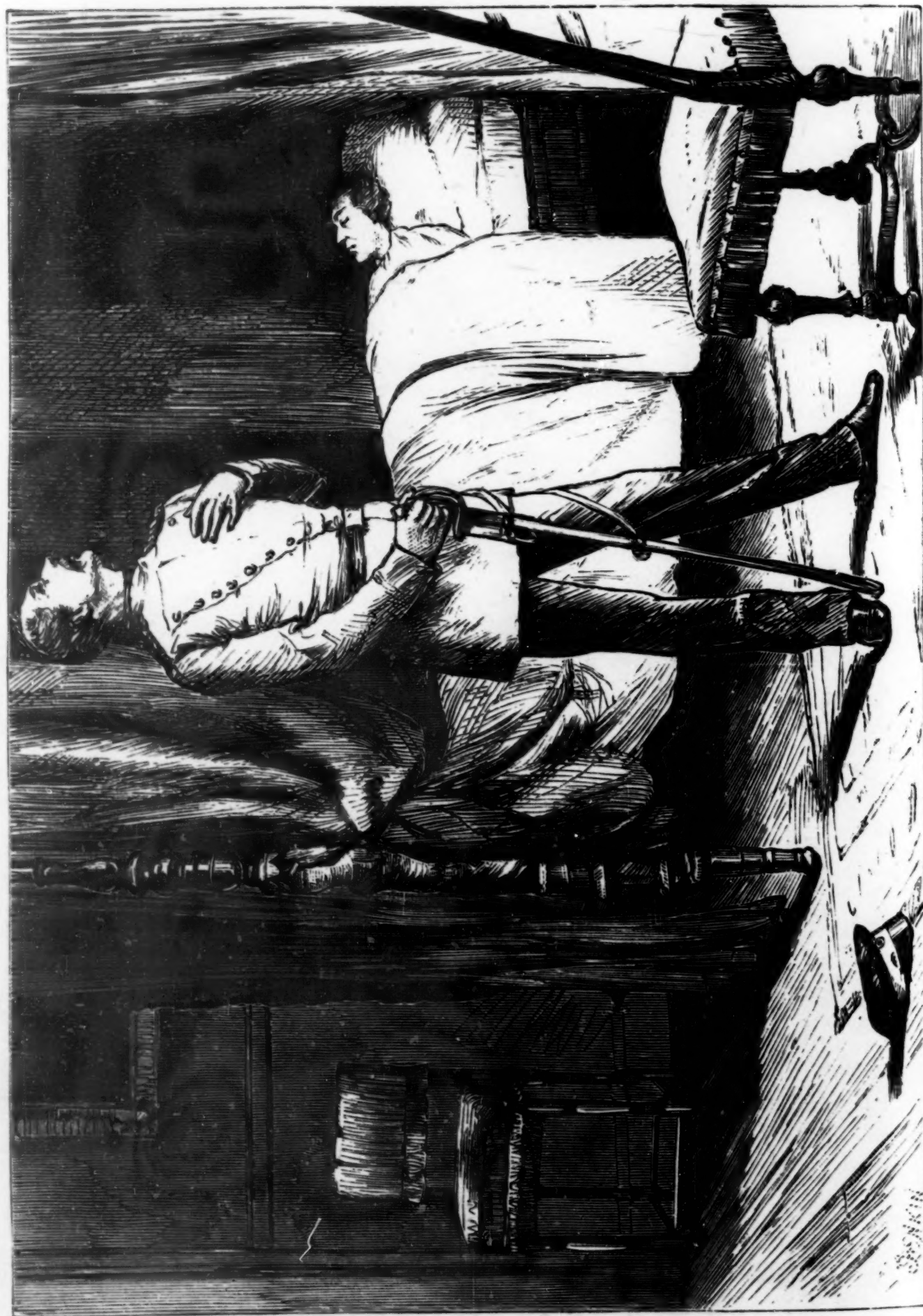
I find in these poems everywhere the strongest proofs, direct or indirect, of sentiments the largest and most catholic—political, moral, religious. I have read in a well-penned article on San Francisco, which appeared in the 'Overland Monthly' of January 1870, this stricture on the citizen of that town: 'His mental vision—very like his bodily organs—is habitually bounded by the Sierra Nevada mountains on the one hand and the Pacific horizon on the other. His pride is to be a citizen of "this great State, sir," and *not* of those outlying tracts which compose the rest of the world.' One prefers to believe that these words are too sweeping; but if there is truth in them, and if San Francisco is to be taken as the representative of the Far Western States and towns, Mr. Miller is a notable exception among his countrymen. That his national feeling is strong is sufficiently evidenced by the selection of his themes; and he has written at least one passage of surpassing beauty—the opening of the poem 'Californian'—wherein the pride and aspiration of the Western American find powerful expression. He is a true-hearted republican, a loyal American. But he turns from the United States to publish in Great Britain, and says of New York words than which few more bitter or more biting have ever been set down. Surely it is a token of breadth of cosmopolitan sympathy, this honest confidence in English opinion. Poets, not politicians, are the true representatives of the souls of nations. Here is one more of those who believe that, despite the clamour of dishonest demagogues and crafty place-hunters on either ocean-side, there is but one heart between America and England: one in blood, one in aspiration, one in the love of truth, and justice, and humanity, and liberty, one in the inheritances of the past and the hopes of the future, America has nothing great which is not England's, England nothing great which is not America's. His strong feeling for the conquered races, his loving dreams of old-world countries and old-world peoples, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Italian, testify more fully the width of his cosmopolitanism. Nor is he so blinded by democratic prejudice as not to see something to revere and admire in noble birth

and great ideas of lofty life inherited with noble blood. His dreams of moral beauty are wild and formless. I cannot help thinking that the confusion of feeling relative to a moral ideal, so frequently apparent, and nowhere more than in the conception of Ina—a character meant to be the type of highest beauty and nobility—is the chief weakness they indicate in his intellectual vision. This confusion is, no doubt, traceable in large measure to the influences of the abnormal social life by which he has been surrounded, and in embodying it in his poems he is often justly representing this social life. Truth and honour are throughout cherished virtues, and *courage*—an article in the creed of all true Western men. What we see in too strong colours is the philosophy of selfishness which knows no self-sacrifice, without which there cannot be any noble human life; and an oversensuality in the one passion which can redeem from sensuality—love. But we find no narrowness. Whatever there is of religious sentiment is fine in its universality—the utmost confidence in a God whose attributes he does not determine; reverence for faiths old and new—the Red man's, the Hebrew's, the Christian's: he would destroy none, embrace all. He cavils not, nor sneers, nor screams with hysterical rage against any belief of men. He loves God and loves man too well to blaspheme the one or mock the earnest dreams of the other.

There are two kinds of poetry to which are allotted two different kinds of favour, and unequal terms of endurance. The one is that which celebrates some particular state of society, some particular range of facts in human nature, some particular era of history. This gets swiftest access to the hearts of men, and excites their interest more directly. The other soars beyond and above all peculiar phases of facts or characters, takes the resultant of all forces, renders the ideal of men and things by abstractions made visible in concrete form. Its recognition is slow and partial, its endurance perpetual. To the former category belong the majority of poems written, and to it Mr. Miller's work hitherto done is referable. To the latter belong the greatest of all artistic work—certain of the Greek tragedies, the 'Divina Commedia,' 'Lear,' 'Hamlet,' 'Paradise Lost,' 'Faust,' Shelley's 'Prometheus.' Whether Mr. Miller will yet produce works fit to take their place in this loftier region will depend perhaps on his own taste. He has a wealth of nature which leads one to hope greatly. But whatever he may do in the future, these poems are destined to live long. So long as the early years of Anglo-Saxon civilisation in Western America continue to interest the world, men's fingers will wander through their pages. And on the higher ground of true poetical excellence they must endure. For they have about them a beauty unimpeachable, and one wholly their own; a perennial beauty—not such as will cease to seem beautiful after much handling and familiarity; a beauty as imperishable as the peaks of the mountains or the melodies of the sea.

GEORGE FRANCIS ARMSTRONG.





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'LOST.'

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